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ALONG THE HISTORIC ILLINOIS

I.

MARQUETTE AND JOLIET

After the Mississippi, St. Lawrence, the Missouri and the Ohio Rivers, the Illinois is and has been one of the greatest streams in North America. Its full length is five hundred miles, and nearly half of the stream is naturally navigable. It is formed by two large branches, the Kankakee and Desplaines Rivers, which join at a point in Grundy County, about forty-five miles southwest of Chicago. Its course is west, then southwest, and finally south, until it empties into the Mississippi River, about twenty miles north of the mouth of the Missouri, near the city of Grafton.[1]

The banks of the Illinois River constituted the seat of civilization in the interior of that part of North America which became the United States. All authentic history of Mid-America dates from the discovery and exploration of the Illinois River. During the latter part of the 17th and virtually all of the 18th centuries, the Illinois River was the most important highway within the boundaries of what became the United States.

[1] Besides the large rivers above named there are the Yukon, the Rio Grande, the Arkansas, the Columbia, the Colorado and the Sacramento, all of which are longer than the Illinois, but the Illinois is longer than the Hudson or the Potomac or the Susquehanna. It is two and one-half times as long as the Thames of England, or the Loire of France. It is about the same length as the Rhone and the Seine of France, and the Ebro of Spain. While the Rhine is 800 miles in length as compared with the 500 miles of the Illinois, the Rhine carries more freight than all the rivers in the United States combined. In times of peace the Rhine was a striking example of an inland waterway put to its best use.

A studied and persistent course of opposition by selfish interests is responsible for the grossest neglect of one of the greatest waterways and most advantageous channels of commerce in all the world. One of the two first white men that ever saw the Illinois River, Louis Joliet, at once recognized in it a waterway of the highest utility, and spontaneously suggested its better connection with the system of Great Lakes that there might be unimpeded intercourse over its waters between the Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico, into which it emptied, opening out into the Atlantic in the one direction and the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean in the other direction. The same advantages have been recognized by every statesman of breadth, as well as by well informed citizens and men of affairs since the days of Joliet, and yet this lordly channel lies unused and neglected,—one of God's noblest gifts, spurned by unappreciative man.[2]

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[2] Ever since the territory through which the Illinois runs has been a political and geographical division the subject of improvement and development of this waterway has been agitated. The early missionaries and fur traders first directed attention to the nearness of Lake Michigan and the Illinois. The project of the construction of a canal was made the subject of a report by Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, in 1808, and in 1811 a bill on the subject was introduced in Congress in connection with the Erie and other canal enterprises. In 1822 Congress granted the right-of-way across the public lands "for the route of the canal connecting the Illinois River with the south bend of Lake Michigan," which was followed five years later by a grant of 300,000 acres of land to aid in its construction which was to be undertaken by the State of Illinois. The earliest surveys contemplated a channel 100 miles long, and the original estimates of cost varied between $639,000 and $716,000. Surveys and estimates in 1833 placed the cost of a canal 40 feet wide and 4 feet deep at $4,040,000. In 1836 another Board of Commissioners was created and surveys were made looking to the construction of a waterway 60 feet wide at the surface, 36 feet at bottom, and 6 feet in depth. Work was begun in June, 1836; was suspended in 1841, and renewed in 1846, when a canal loan of $1,000,000 was negotiated. The channel was opened for navigation in April, 1848, by which time the total outlay had reached $6,170,226. By 1871 Illinois had liquidated its entire indebtedness on account of the canal, and the channel became the property of the State. The total cost up to 1879, including the amount refunded to Chicago, was $9,513,831, while the canal earned through freight rates and the sale of canal lands and otherwise $8,819,731.

For the want of improvements this canal, known as the Illinois-Michigan Canal, fell into disuse, and although the channel still exists and there is still a commission in charge, yet no attempt is made to use the canal.

Under an act passed by the legislature of Illinois in 1865, the work of deepening the canal was undertaken by the city of Chicago with a view to furnishing means to relieve the city of its sewage. This work was completed just before the fire of 1871. This improvement did not prove successful, and other

If we could but employ the silver tones of the rippling cascades, to be seen and heard in profusion along the course of this majestic stream, or the soft whir of the savage's paddles as he cleft its crystal waters and darted ghost-like up and down its course, or even the rhythmic cadences of the hunting songs as the voyagers pushed out to farther hunting grounds, we might make the story of the historic Illinois more fascinating.

We have no means of knowing the exact date upon which the Illinois River was first seen by the eyes of white men. We can approximate that interesting date. Father James Marquette, S. J., and Louis Jolliet, with several Indian and a few French companions passed down the Mississippi River from the mouth of the Wisconsin in the months of June and July, as far as the mouth of the Arkansas River. On the 17th of July, 1673, they turned about and pushed their canoes up the river, retracing their steps until they reached the mouth of the Illinois River. Suppose we allow them fifteen days for the arduous passage up the Mississippi, against the strong current of that stream. This would bring them to the mouth of the Illinois about August 3rd. Father Marquette in the description of his journey doesn't give us the date, but he records his impression of the surroundings. He and his companions have traveled down Green Bay to the mouth of the Fox River, then up the Fox River to near its source, where they left that river, and carried their canoes to the Wisconsin River, then pushed down the Wisconsin to the Mississippi, then proceeded all the way down the Mississippi to the Arkansas, and back to the mouth of

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plans were put forward. At the general election held November 5, 1889, the "Sanitary District of Chicago" was organized by an almost unanimous popular vote, and the trustees elected under the act creating the Sanitary District constructed a channel beginning at the point where the present Robey Street of Chicago intersects the south branch of the Chicago River, and extending to a point near Lockport in Will County, which is said to be one of the finest ship canals in the world.

This work had the effect of reversing the current of the Chicago River. Whereas up to that time that river flowed into Lake Michigan, since the construction of this channel the course of the stream has been changed, and now 600,000 cubic feet of water per minute flow out of Lake Michigan through the Chicago River into the drainage canal.

The problem of water transportation, accordingly, is solved from Chicago to Lockport. Nothing remains to be done, therefore, but to improve the Illinois River between Lockport and La Salle, a distance of 64 miles. As noted above, this improvement has all been provided for by law, and waits only the will of the Governor to set it in motion. See Historical Sketch, Pub. No. 11, Illinois State Hist. Library, p. 153, *et. seq.*

the Illinois. After having viewed all the territory along these several waters Father Marquette exclaims in admiration:

"We have seen nothing like this river that we enter as regards its fertility of soil, its prairies and woods, its cattle, elk, deer, wild cat, bustards, swans, ducks, paroquettes, and even beaver. There are many small lakes and rivers. That on which we sailed is wide, deep and still for 65 leagues. In the spring and during part of the summer there is only one portage of half a league,"[3]

meaning by this latter remark that having followed the course of the river upward and carried their canoes to the head waters of the south branch of the Chicago River, they reached Lake Michigan with "only one portage of half a league."

Let us in thought cast our minds back to the latter part of July and nearly the whole of the month of August of 1673, two hundred and forty-nine years ago, and consider the very beginning of civilization in the region which we have inherited. Looking from some point of vantage as the little fleet of birch bark canoes emerges from the Mississippi, and begins the ascent of the Illinois, we would see as the most striking figure in the little group of explorers a tall, slender, dark young man, thirty-seven years of age, clad in a black robe, encircled by a beaded girdle, from which hangs a metal crucifix. The spiritualized visage is clearly that of the devout ascetic and already rigors and privations have made inroads upon the delicately nurtured personality. We can believe that he wore a glorified expression, for he has by toil and sacrifice succeeded in the accomplishment of at least one of the great objects of his life,—he has discovered and explored the father of waters, so long the quest of inquiring Frenchmen, as well as the subject of romantic narrative of the Indian. He has named it, as he promised he would, the River of the Conception, and is now returning to gain strength and complete arrangements to carry out the second great object of his life, namely, the establishment of the Church in the newly discovered region.

By his side we can see the stalwart form of the still younger man, Louis Jolliet, who has long since caught the inspiration of his older companion, and who, while representing the secular interests of his sovereign, understands completely the vast importance of Father Marquette's mission. Jolliet is but 26, a mere boy, but has already proven himself worthy under drastic tests, and has so recommended himself to his superiors that he is selected to represent his sovereign

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[3] Marquette's Letter, Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 59, translated in Kellogg, *Early Narratives of the Northwest*, p. 228, *et. seq.*

in one of the most important errands ever undertaken by the French in the new world.

These then are the two heralds of civilization, the two white men who first looked upon Illinois' soil, and first swept over the bosom of the river, which, for nearly a century and a half after their advent, was, to all intents and purposes, Illinois. From the day of the birth of each to the summer days of 1673 no fault was ever recorded against either. During the two years succeeding this memorable first entry of white men into Illinois, Father Marquette heaped up upon his measure of merit additional good works, and died in an odor of sanctity, with not even a breath of criticism or censure. Louis Jolliet had a longer career, but in every respect an eminently worthy one.

Accordingly, Illinois is fortunate in its two noble pathfinders, and it should be the occasion of no surprise if the region they discovered, throughout its length and breadth, were dotted over with monuments and memorials in their honor, or if the course of the Illinois River, which they threaded first of all white men, were studded from end to end with markers and tablets describing their journeyings. Alas! one may traverse Illinois from its northern border to Cairo, and from Danville to Quincy, and encounter not the slightest evidence indicating that such a man as James Marquette ever lived. No public monument, memorial or tablet has ever been raised to James Marquette within the boundaries of Illinois, and but slight recognition accorded him, in the naming of cities, streets or buildings. Louis Jolliet has fared slightly better, since a bronze monument stands in front of the public library in the city of Joliet also named in his honor.

It would perhaps be nearer in keeping with an article of a historical character to remain content with this mere statement, but two hundred and fifty years is long enough to remain silent with reference to such a grave, really indecent neglect. How can the people of Illinois justify a failure to extend due honor to Marquette and Jolliet. The situation is acute. It is more than unfortunate. It has become offensive. It seems to the writer that the people of Illinois do not dare permit the 250th anniversary of Marquette's coming to Illinois to pass unnoticed or unmarked. Every citizen rests under a heavy obligation to do justice in this regard, but Catholics especially will prove themselves beneath contempt and wholly unworthy of their claims if they fail worthily to observe next year the 250th anniversary of this momentous event, and to see that these heralds of civilization and Christianity are appropriately memorialized.[4]

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[4] The Illinois State Council of the Knights of Columbus has adopted resolu-

First Landings From the Illinois River

It may not have occurred to Marquette and Jolliet that millions of men destined to become acquainted with the region they traversed would be eager to know everything they did on this momentous journey. At any rate, the narrative of their activities is extremely meager: ——how long it required them to pass from point to point, how often they left their canoes to seek game, fruit or food on the adjoining shore, what the state of the weather was, and other details we are not advised of. Father Marquette does record, however, two stops made in the course of the journey up the Illinois, the first of which he speaks of as follows:

"We passed through the Illinois of Peoria, and during three days I preached the Faith in all their cabins, after which while we were embarking a dying child was brought to me at the water's edge, and I baptized it shortly before it died, through an admirable act of Providence for the salvation of that innocent soul."[5]

This was the manner then in which white men were first introduced to the neighborhood which has become the flourishing city of Peoria. For three days one of the first men of the white race that ever looked upon the site of Peoria went about in the cabins of the savages and "preached the Faith." As a climax to this introduction of Christianity and civilization he, on the third day of this first visit, poured the regenerating waters of redemption upon a savage child, and thus sent a spotless little messenger to Heaven to open its portals for the train of saved souls destined for delivery at the hands of the holy men who succeeded him.

Again they take to their canoes and without advising us as to the difficulties that may have intervened or of other details which we would eagerly learn, the earnest missionary tells us, "We found * * * * a village of Illinois called Kaskaskia, consisting of 74 cabins. They received us very well and obliged me to promise that I would return to instruct them. One of the chiefs of this nation with his young men escorted us to the Lake of the Illinois."[6]

These, then, are the outstanding incidents of the first journey of white men over the Illinois River,—the stop at the village of the Peoria Indians, near what is now Peoria, the preaching, teaching and exhortation of the Indians in "all their cabins," and the baptism of

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tions looking to an observance of this anniversary in connection with the annual convention which will be held in Quincy in May, 1923.

[5] Marquette's Letter, *op. cit.*

[6] *Ib.*

the dying child. The visit to the Kaskaskia Indians in their village, located as we will see later on the site of what is now Utica, religious discussion there, and a promise to "return to instruct them."

These momentous incidents single out and make conspicuous two points in Illinois, now marked by the cities of Peoria and Utica. In almost every other state of the Union and the world over important historic sites are at some time appropriately memorialized. It is not of course every State or every country that can point definitely to the particular spot or spots where civilization first begun, or in a more interested sense, possibly, where Christianity was born. We are more fortunate than many others in that regard, for we are able to determine beyond doubt or peradventure just where these great events took place. Yet the people of the state of Illinois or of the United States, or the denizens of the great city of Peoria, or the flourishing community of Utica, have never raised a finger to make known these sites to the world. Travelers may come and go, children in large numbers may be born, may develop to youth and manhood, may attend schools and colleges; indeed, and may die ignorant of the fact that in their immediate neighborhood the first bearers of civilization and Christianity halted and hallowed by their presence the very ground over which they have trod.

How can the state of Illinois, the nation, indeed communities like Peoria and Utica justify their indifference, if not ignorance, of these stupendous facts. Is it possible, for example, that the city of Peoria shall permit the 250th anniversary of the visit of the first white men to its confines, which will occur in the summer of 1923, to pass without being noted, or longer to permit the approximate site of the first Christian ministration, the first sacrament on the soil of Mid-America to go unmarked? A similar inquiry might be uttered relative to the city of Utica and its surroundings.

By the end of the year 1673 the world possessed the knowledge of a new domain, richer than monarchs had ever dreamed of. The knowledge of the lordly Mississippi and the stately Illinois and their fertile valleys became the inheritance of civilized men. Had nothing else than that related of the Illinois River by Father Marquette after his journey occurred along that stream, Illinois would nevertheless be entitled to a prominent place in history. But the visit of Marquette and Jolliet in 1673 was but the prelude to a series of events and incidents that for interest, romance, and importance measure up with the most notable events of all time.

Father Marquette Fulfills His Promise

At the village of the Kaskaskia Indians, as will be remembered, Father Marquette says the savages "obliged me to promise that I would return to instruct them." The Kaskaskias were not the first group of Illinois to which he had made this promise. It will be remembered that when on his way down the Mississippi he visited and spent three days at a large village of savages on the west side of the Mississippi, now understood to be near the mouth of the Des Moines River, which visit has been made especially famous by Longfellow in his Hiawatha. He told the chief he "would come the following year and reside with them to instruct them." No doubt both these promises were made in good faith, as the intrepid missionary undoubtedly hoped to spend the rest of his life amongst the Illinois, and expected to travel from one point to another in ministering to them.

The trite proverb which declares that "man proposes and God disposes" had peculiar application, however, in the case of Father Marquette. The rigors of the mission field had already registered their effects upon his delicate constitution, and he found himself for months prostrated after his return from the first journey into the interior of the country.

As soon as he was well enough, however, which was on the 25th of October, 1674, he began his second journey for the fulfilling of his promise to the Indians and the great object of his life, the establishment of the Church in this new field. The story of his trip down Lake Michigan, his landing at the mouth of the Chicago River on December 4, 1674, his stay on the banks of the lake at the foot of what is now Madison Street for seven days, his trip up the Chicago River by way of the main channel and the south branch to a point now marked by the junction of Robey Street, and the drainage channel, his dwelling there in a cabin until the 29th of March, 1675, all absorbingly interesting, is yet only indirectly related to the subject of this paper, which deals particularly with the Illinois River.

Accordingly, we are justified in taking up Marquette's career where we find him on the Illinois River on the 8th of April, 1675. Here he is present in person in fulfillment of the promise he made to the Kaskaskia tribe.

Always, since we have become acquainted with him, delicate, he is now but just risen from a bed of sickness under the spur of an unalterable determination to fulfil a great purpose which he has proposed to himself to establish the Church and consecrate the first mission to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Just what he did in fulfillment of this pledge and purpose is fortunately made known to us in detail by one who had contemporary knowledge of the occurrence, the Superior of the Mission, Father Claude Dablon, S. J.

"On at last arriving at the village, he was received as an angel from Heaven. After he had assembled at various times the chiefs of the nation, with all the old men, that he might sow in their minds the first seeds of the Gospel, and after having given instruction in the cabins, which were always filled with a great crowd of people, he resolved to address all in public, in a general assembly, which he called together in the open air, the cabins being too small to contain all the people. It was a beautiful prairie, close to a village, which was selected for the great council; this was adorned, after the fashion of the country, by covering it with mats and bear-skins. Then the Father, having directed them to stretch out on lines several pieces of Chinese taffeta, attached to these four large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, which were visible on all sides. The audience was composed of 500 chiefs and elders, seated in a circle around the Father, and of all the young men, without counting the women and children, who are always numerous, the village being composed of five or six hundred fires. The Father addressed the whole body of people, and conveyed to them ten messages, by means of ten presents, which he gave them. He explained to them the principal mysteries of our religion, and the purpose that had brought him to their country. Above all, he preached to them Jesus Christ, on the very eve (of that great day) on which he had died upon the Cross for them, as well as for all the rest of mankind; then he said Holy Mass. On the third day after, which was Easter Sunday, things being prepared in the same manner as on Thursday, he celebrated the holy mysteries for the second time; and by these two, the only sacrifices ever offered there to God, he took possession of that land in the name of Jesus Christ, and gave to that mission the name of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

"He was listened to by all those peoples with universal joy; and they prayed him with most earnest entreaty to come back to them as soon as possible, since his sickness obliged him to return. The Father, on his side, expressed to them the affection which he felt for them, and the satisfaction that they had given him; and pledged them his word that he, or some other of our Fathers, would return to carry on that mission so happily inaugurated. This promise he repeated several times, while parting with them to go upon his way; and he set out with so many tokens of regard on the part of those good peoples that, as a mark of honor, they chose to escort him for more than thirty leagues on the road, vying with each other in taking charge of his slender baggage."[7]

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[7] Dablon, Relation of Father Marquette's Second Voyage, Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 59.

The Site of the New Found Church

Thus was established the Church in Mid-America. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon this momentous event. It possesses the attributes of authority, precedence and continuity. Father Marquette came with explicit authority to establish the Church. His act constituted the first step in the organization of Christianity in a new, distinct and tremendously important field. His work was enduring, and the particular mission founded by him has existed uninterruptedly to the present time.

Accordingly, every detail connected with this remarkable event is of the profoundest interest, and it would be natural if Christians especially would exert every effort to preserve the memory of each circumstance.

Amongst the items of prime importance in connection with this first establishment of the Church in the great region roughly covered into what is known as the Mississippi Valley, is the site upon which the event took place, and while there has been some speculation with reference thereto, there is virtually unanimous agreement amongst those who have undertaken any investigation of the matter that Francis Parkman, the historian, who visited the Illinois River for the very purpose of attempting to locate this and other important sites, was entirely correct in his conclusions. Writing expressly of the location of the Indian village visited by Father Marquette for the purpose of establishing the Church Mr. Parkman says:

The Site of the Great Illinois Town.—This has not till now been determined, though there have been various conjectures concerning it. From a study of the contemporary documents and maps, I became satisfied, first, that the branch of the river Illinois, called the "Big Vermilion," was the *Aramoni* of the French explorers; and, secondly, that the cliff called "Starved Rock" was that known to the French as *Le Rocher,* or the Rock of St. Louis. If I was right in this conclusion, then the position of the Great Village was established; for there is abundant proof that it was on the north side of the river, above the Aramoni, and below Le Rocher. I accordingly went to the village of Utica, which, as I judged by the map, was very near the point in question, and mounted to the top of one of the hills immediately behind it, whence I could see the valley of the Illinois for miles, bounded on the farther side by a range of hills, in some parts rocky and precipitous, and in others covered with forests. Far on the right was a gap in these hills, through which the Big Vermilion flowed to join the Illinois; and somewhat towards the left, at the distance of a mile and a half, was a huge cliff, rising perpendicularly from the opposite margin of the river. This I assumed to be *Le Rocher* of the French, though from where I stood I was unable to discern the distinc-

tive features which I was prepared to find in it. In every other respect, the scene before me was precisely what I had expected to see. There was a meadow on the hither side of the river, on which stood a farm-house; and this, as it seemed to me, by its relations with surrounding objects, might be supposed to stand in the midst of the space once occupied by the Illinois town.

On the way down from the hill, I met Mr. James Clark, the principal inhabitant of Utica, and one of the earliest settlers of this region. I accosted him, told him my objects, and requested a half hour's conversation with him, at his leisure. He seemed interested in the inquiry, and said he would visit me early in the evening at the inn, where, accordingly, he soon appeared. The conversation took place in the porch, where a number of farmers and others were gathered. I asked Mr. Clark if any Indian remains were found in the neighborhood. "Yes," he replied, "plenty of them." I then inquired if there was any one spot where they were more numerous than elsewhere. "Yes," he answered again, pointing towards the farm-house on the meadow: "on my farm down yonder by the river, my tenant plows up teeth and bones by the peck every spring, besides arrow-heads, beads, stone hatchets, and other things of that sort." I replied that this was precisely what I had expected, as I had been led to believe that the principal town of the Illinois Indians once covered that very spot. "If," I added, "I am right in this belief, the great rock beyond the river is the one which the first explorers occupied as a fort; and I can describe it to you from their accounts of it, though I have never seen it, except from the top of the hill where the trees on and around it prevented me from seeing any part but the front." The men present now gathered around to listen. "The rock," I continued, "is nearly a hundred and fifty feet high, and rises directly from the water. The front and two sides are perpendicular and inaccessible; but there is one place where it is possible for a man to climb up, though with difficulty. The top is large enough and level enough for houses and fortifications." Here several of the men exclaimed: "That's just it. You've hit it exactly." I then asked if there was any other rock on that side of the river which could answer to the description. They all agreed that there was no such rock on either side, along the whole length of the river. I then said: "If the Indian town was in the place where I suppose it to have been, I can tell you the nature of the country which lies behind the hills on the farther side of the river, though I know nothing about it, except what I have learned from writings nearly two centuries old. From the top of the hills, you look out upon a great prairie reaching as far as you can see, except that it is crossed by a belt of woods, following the course of a stream which enters the main river a few miles below." (See ante, p. 206, note.) "You are exactly right again," replied Mr. Clark, "we call that belt of timber the 'Vermilion Woods,' and the stream is the Big Vermilion." "Then," I said, "the Big Vermilion is the river which the French called the Aramoni; 'Starved Rock' is the same on which they

built a fort called St. Louis, in the year 1682; and your farm is on the site of the great town of the Illinois."

I spent the next day in examining these localities, and was fully confirmed in my conclusions. Mr. Clark's tenant showed me the spot where the human bones were ploughed up. It was no doubt the graveyard violated by the Iroquois. The Illinois returned to the village after their defeat, and long continued to occupy it. The scattered bones were probably collected and restored to their place of burial.[8]

As has been stated, there has of course been some speculation concerning other locations for this Indian village and the Indian burying ground, which is always a near neighbor. Down at Starved Rock attendants and habitues will tell you that this famous meeting of Father Marquette's, at which he established the Church, occurred on the little plateau just west of the big rock, now known as Starved Rock, and immediately adjoining the ferry landing, and that the village burying ground stood on the little eminence exactly where the Starved Rock Hotel is now located. In proof of these assertions they point to the fact that more than a score of skeletons of Indians were taken from the ground when the excavations were made for the hotel.

The evidence, however, all seems to be in favor of the site described by Parkman, but Starved Rock and its surroundings are of extreme historical interest, and will be made the subject of a subsequent paper in this series.

Now assuming that we know the immediate vicinity, if not the identical spot, upon which the Church was founded (the evidence is overwhelming and who will gainsay it), and noting that nearly two hundred and fifty years have passed since that eventful Holy Thursday, is it not to be expected of residents and heirs to the civilization and Christian development so propitiously begun, that appropriate action be taken to memorialize the great event, and to honor the founder of Christianity and the father of civilization in the region?

One cannot contemplate this momentous event without being convinced that the 250th anniversary thereof, which will occur on April 11, 1925, should be observed with rejoicing throughout all Mid-America, but especially in Illinois, and that some permanent memorial should be set up in honor, both of the devoted founder and the important event.

At a point as nearly as can possibly be ascertained an appropriate monument or shrine should be raised, and that done the hallowed spot will become the object of pious pilgrimage throughout the land.

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[8] *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West,* 11th Ed., Little Brown & Co., pp. 223-4.

On the other hand, should this present generation fail to take note of this great anniversary, it will prove itself unworthy of the blessings and advantages of the Christianity and civilization of which Father Marquette was the herald and which has lifted Mid-America to its present lofty position.

JOSEPH J. THOMPSON.

Chicago.

POINTS IN ILLINOIS HISTORY—A SYMPOSIUM

This most interesting discussion is continued in this number by Mr. Milo M. Quaife of Madison, Wisconsin.

I am invited to contribute some notes to the discussion, begun in the April issue of this magazine, of some mooted "Points" in Illinois history. I am glad to respond to the invitation, for I can think of no method better calculated to disclose historical truths than the one adopted by the editor in the present instance.

Point No. 1: Who were the first white men to reach the Illinois country and the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers?

This question, I venture to suggest, can never be answered with assurance. No fact can be more certain than this, that men frequently perform deeds of which no deliberate record is made; or that records carefully made are lost to the knowledge of the world for shorter or longer periods, often, alas, forever. I think there is every reason to suppose, from the nature of the case, that white men visited Chicago before the summer of 1673, possibly many times. But in the absence of any records of such visits, for practical purposes we must ascribe the honor of primacy to Joliet and Marquette, who first made report to the outside world of such a visit. We credit the invention of the steamboat to Fulton even though we know that other men had worked on the problem in advance of him. In the same sense Jolliet and Marquette deserve to be recognized as the discoverers of the upper Mississippi, the Illinois, and the site of Chicago. Parenthetically, I should like to enter my protest against the habit of many, including, I believe, the learned editor of this REVIEW, of mentioning Marquette first when bracketing the two explorers' names in connection with this momentous expedition. I yield precedence to no one in admiration for Father Marquette. His true merits were such that he has no need of other distinction than that properly belonging to him. He was not the commander of this expedition and any statement, even by implication, that he was is misleading.

Point No. 4: Is there any foundation for the belief that a serious quarrel existed between La Salle and the members of the Jesuit order?

I venture to suggest that there is more foundation for this belief than one would gather from Father Kenny's answer to the question (April issue, pp. 360-61). At any rate, the "stone" is not of recent

origin, for as early as 1687, the year of La Salle's death, we have Henri Joutel's narrative of the lively perturbation of Father Allouez at Fort St. Louis when told that La Salle (the fact of whose recent death the travelers were keeping secret) was likely soon to visit that place. Unfortunately there is no accurate or complete English translation of Joutel's narrative in print so that only those familiar with the French language have access to it; but by the courtesy of the Michigan Historical Commission, which has a complete and careful translation in manuscript, the writer of these notes was able to publish a few years since that portion pertaining to Fort St. Louis and Chicago (in *The Development of Chicago, 1674-1914,* pp. 21-36).

Point No. 8: Concerning the name Chicago:

I do not suppose the question of the origin and significance of the name Chicago can ever be absolutely determined, but I should like to clear away one or two evident misconceptions in this connection, and to propound a theory of my own in the premises.

To the former point, then, the statement of the Editor (April issue, p. 366, footnote 6) that the wild garlic explanation of the name is of "quite recent" origin, is clearly incorrect; Joutel, in 1687, thus explains the term, and all will agree that so far as Chicago is concerned 1687 is a date of considerable antiquity. Joutel was paying his first visit to the place, and indeed to Illinois, and he gives his authority for the definition as "what we were told"—but whether the information came from the Indians or from the Frenchmen at Fort St. Louis is not stated. A more important consideration, perhaps, is whether the information given Joutel was correct. I do not think it was, as I shall shortly endeavor to show.

Nor can I accept the theory of Father Kenny and the Editor that the name of the place came from that of the chief, Chicagou, who seems to have resided somewhere in the vicinity of Kaskaskia in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. I confess to but a hazy knowledge of this chief's career, but in this I seem to enjoy the company of most students of Illinois history. One fact, however, of considerable pertinence stands out: Chicagou responded to the call of D'Artaguiette, and led his warriors southward in the disastrous Chickasaw expedition, from which the French commander never returned. Now this was in 1736, and it is probably safe to assume that the chieftain was not more than sixty years of age at the time.[1] I do not know when the name Chicago first appears of record, but it was certainly in familiar use by La Salle and others from 1681

[1] The probability is, of course, that he was considerably younger; I suggest sixty merely as the possible maximum.

onward. This is fifty-five years before the Chickasaw expedition, and I humbly submit that it is not credible that Chicagou could have been old enough in 1681 to have acquired the distinction necessary to fixing his name to the region adjacent to the Chicago River.

My own theory with respect to the name can best be stated, perhaps, by repeating the footnote appended to Joutel's explanation in my *Development of Chicago, 1673–1914:*

"Much discussion has been waged, and so-called wit indulged, over the question of the significance of the name of Chicago. Most commonly it is thought to signify skunk, or, as here, wild onion. With no pretension to speak as an authority in the field of Indian philology I venture to hazard the opinion that the true significance of the word is simply great or strong. If so it might readily have become associated with the name either of the plant of the animal just mentioned, or with both. There is a river in Iowa known today as the Skunk. On Prince Maximilian's map of 1832-34 this stream is denominated "Checaguar." On Joseph Nicollet's map of the upper Mississippi published by the War Department in 1843, it is laid down as the "Shikagu or Skunk" River. On the other hand, La Salle's Fort Crevecoeur on Lake Peoria, doubtless the only structure more imposing than a wigwam they had ever seen, was dubbed by the Indians "Checagou." It seems obvious that this did not mean skunk to them, and probable that it did mean great, or large. On an old Spanish map which I have seen (but to which, unfortunately, I am now unable to refer) dating from the exploration of DeSoto, the Mississippi bears a name which is obviously the same from which the cognomen of the second city of America is derived. Other similar illustrations might easily be supplied but I forbear, since this note is intended to be suggestive only, rather than exhaustive. That variations occur in the spelling of the name signifies nothing. The Indian languages were developed entirely independent of any thought of accomodating them to English orthography. Upwards of forty different ways of spelling Chicago have been noted; half as many, probably, might easily be supplied for Milwaukee."

Point Number 3: Concerning the location of Father Pinet's mission of the Guardian Angel:

I have reserved this for consideration last because it will be necessary to devote to its discussion more space than I have given to any of the Editor's other points. Father Kenny (April issue, p. 367) concedes that in my discussion of the subject in my book, *Chicago and the Old Northwest,* published in 1913, I have quite disposed of Mr. Grover's contention that the mission of Father Pinet

was north of Chicago in the vicinity of modern Gross Point; but he states I do not meet the arguments advanced in favor of the Calumet region by Mr. Henry W. Lee in his article "*The Calumet Portage,*" published in the *Transactions* of the Illinois Historical Society for 1912, pp. 24 ff; and the Editor of the *Review* presents a footnote invitation, reenforced more recently by a personal letter, to me to traverse the ground covered by Mr. Lee's article.

I cannot well evade this challange without seeming to confess inability to defend my case, and I cannot meet it without indulging in plain speaking. I do not enjoy the good fortune of personal acquaintance with Mr. Lee, nor the ill fortune of any occasion for personal difference. There is, therefore, nothing of feeling in what may follow, but only a desire to clarify a point, heretofore moot, in Chicago's early history. Mr. Lee is himself a hard-hitting antagonist, and I have no doubt he will cheerfully concede to another the freedom of debate which he himself employs.

Since my book (*Chicago and the Old Northwest*) had been published a year before Mr. Lee's article appeared in print, I could hardly, in it, take direct notice of his contentions. But I am still unable, after several years' time for reflection, to perceive that he has afforded any new light on the subject, and I much mistrust whether any one who approaches a historical discussion in the state of mind which evidently governed Mr. Lee could achieve such a result. It is both impossible and unnecessary to traverse here all of the mass of data, arguments, and assertions which he has brought together. As to his attitude, it is sufficient to note that he is a crusader, burdened with a sense of injury. He clearly implies that all students of Chicago history, barring a certain few (two only being named) who have chanced to agree with him, have been engaged in a conspiracy to boost Chicigo's commercial interests, to the manifest perversion of historic truth, and the material injury of the Calumet region.

This is an accusation of considerable gravity, and if true should destroy forever the repute for candor and scholarship of those who are its objects. Speaking as one not personally affected (for Mr. Lee's article was prepared a year before my book was printed, although not published until a year after that event), I venture to assert that such a conspiracy never existed outside the author's own imagination. If it did, among its architects and abettors we must include such men as Francis Parkman and Justin Winsor, Lewis Cass, and even Anthony Wayne, who at Greenville in 1795 compelled the reluctant savages to cede to the United States a tract of land

six miles square at Chicago—not to mention a long list of officials at Washington who in course of time gave effect to this cession by identifying the tract and establishing Fort Dearborn at the mouth of Chicago River, instead of the Calumet where it probably belonged.

The charge breaks down from the weight of its own inherent absurdity; but if positive evidence were needed it is afforded, although unwittingly, by Mr. Lee himself. The two sole authorities he is able to cite in support of his contentions are Mr. Hagar and Mr. Moses—both Chicagoans, and secretaries in turn of the Chicago Historical Society. This society has always been a purely local institution dominated by a comparatively select, not to say prosperous, group of Chicagoans. Were Hagar and Moses so disloyal to their employers, or so unmidful of the continuance of their salary checks, as to betray, deliberately and in print, the great conspiracy? Or did they, like honest gentlemen state their views concerning the particular historical issue, founded in the light of such information and judgment as they possessed, and in the knowledge that the Society which employed them was not primarily concerned with perverting historic truths in order thereby to boost Chicago commercially? This question, I submit, answers itself.

Having, as I trust, cleared the air with respect to the imagined conspiracy of students of early Chicago history against the welfare of the Calumet region, I proceed to the constructive argument. Mr. Lee has manifested commendable zeal in assembling data, but his handling of the data thus collected betrays, I am disposed to feel, a certain lack of scholarly depth and insight. In support of this impression I venture to offer two or three specific illustrations, typical of the many with which the article abounds.

Thus, he early states (p. 24) that the red men loved the priests, and draws the conclusion that they entertained them lavishly and conducted them "by pleasant places to their own favorite retreats." Not necessarily, or always. The Indian was a highly emotional child of nature, subject to strange whims, superstitions, and tantrums. The narrative of Father Menard is but one of many a familiarity with which would have prevented Mr. Lee from drawing the conclusion here advanced by him.

Again, it is stated (p. 39) that Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, as army engineer, was intrusted in 1833 with the duty of surveying and reporting upon the Calumet and Chicago Rivers, and that his report urgently advocates "the superior commercial merits of the Calumet." Mr. Lee does not cite any authority for his statement, but I am confident that Professor Dodd, Professor Fleming, and other biographers

of Jefferson Davis would be very glad to have him do so. I have myself made a somewhat diligent study of the army period of Davis' career, and I venture to say that neither in 1833 nor at any other time did he have anything to do with such a survey.

Again, let us note the statement (p. 39) that in the Library of Congress Mr. Lee found, in *American State Papers, Military Affairs,* Vol. I, p. 113, official evidence that there was a military garrison at Chicago in 1796, seven years prior to the establishment of Fort Dearborn. Now this is not a rare volume, and no one need go to Washington to consult it. It may be had in any good reference library, including half a dozen in Chicago. Turning to the page in question, what do we find? Merely that Timothy Pickering has submitted to the House Committee on the Military Establishment of the United States, which was then considering the question of the permanent reorganization of the army, following the recent close of the Northwestern Indian War, his ideas concerning the establishment which should be worked out. In other words, *this is a recommendation for future action,* not a statement of existing conditions or past achievement. Its significance, which Mr. Lee succeeds in completely misstating, consists merely in the fact that in 1796 Timothy Pickering, a high official, believed it good policy, in defense of the frontier, to place a garrison at Chicago. Let it be noted that he does not say at the Calumet.

Again, to the many interpretations of the word Chicago heretofore advanced, Mr. Lee has added another (p.25), "land without trees," and much is made of the supposed fact that Chicago was a treeless plain, unfit for human habitation (p. 25, 33). Since, however, Joutel has given a detailed account of maple-sugar-making at Chicago in the spring of 1687, Mr. Lee goes over to Miller, Indiana, and there finds "large woods" at the ancient mouth of the Calumet, thereby demonstrating that when Joutel said he came from Fort St. Louis to Chicago, he meant to say the mouth of the Grand Calumet at Miller, Indiana.

With no desire to disparge the forests of Miller, Indiana, I am yet constrained to call attention to a fatal flaw in the chain of argument employed by Mr. Lee. It is quite untrue that there were no trees at Chicago, and it passes my comprehension how the greatest living authority (p. 29: Hagar and Moses are long since dead) on the history of the place could even entertain, much less advance, such an assertion. Copies of Andreas' *History of Chicago* are not rare, or difficult of access, and any reader may quickly satisfy himself with respect to this particular point by a glance at the map of Chicago

in 1830 (Vol. I, following p. 112), or the one of Chicago in 1812, on p. 81, first published by Mrs. Kinzie in 1844. If he asks still further authority, let him turn to the first official map ever made of Chicago, drawn by Captain John Whistler in 1808, and reproduced by me in my *Chicago and the Old Northwest*, p. 164. Since Whistler built Fort Dearborn, and had commanded it for five years before he drew this map for the official files of the War Department, I venture to question whether even Mr. Lee is equal to the task of spiriting his trees away to Miller, Indiana.

It is impossible to run down, in like detailed fashion, all of the arguments and assertions in Mr. Lee's 12,000 word discussion; nor am I able, I confess, to perceive what connection, if any, much of his material has with his major thesis. That thesis, briefly stated, is, that from the time of Jolliet and Marquette's visit of 1673 onward until the end of the wilderness period travelers over the Illinois River route between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi habitually crossed from the Lake to the Des Plaines (or *vice versa*) by way of the Sag and the Calumet. In other words, the Chicago Portage is erased from the pages of recorded history.

This no inconsiderable exploit, one the achievement of which should win for the fortunate author the unstinted admiration and recognition of American scholarship. Why has such recognition and applause not been conferred upon him by our universities and historical societies in the years that have elapsed since the publication of his discovery? Are we to conclude that the "ill-begotten Babel of wealth, creators of nothing, surveyors of froth, go-betweens, usurpers and usurers of Chicago's natural growth, jailors of its symmetrical development, dogs in the manger, parasites" etc., etc., who according to Mr. Lee have "cheated the great Calumet region out of its birthright for a century" have been able to bring within the circle of their influence the scholarship of the entire land, and deprive thereby, our author of the just rewards of his scholarship? Or is it that he has mistaken vociferous assertion for reasoned demonstration, and has therefore acquired no just claim to scholarly recognition?

I find myself constrained to accept the latter alternative, and I am content to rest my justification on three grounds, two of them of ancient origin, the other a recent occurrence. Returning for a moment to Anthony Wayne and the Greenville treaty of 1795, the purpose of the government in that negotiation was to exact conditions which would enable it, for the future to make effective its sovereignty over the great western country which had been won by the treaty of Paris of 1783. To this end, Wayne compelled the Indians to cede

the right of free transit over the natural highways of the country, which were, of course, the waterways. One of these highways was the Chicago-Illinois River route, and for its effective control the cession of reservations at Chicago, at Peoria, and at the mouth of the Illinois, for the erection of forts, was demanded and obtained.

Now, it will hardly be questioned that the Indians knew what they were ceding, even though it be claimed that the white men did not know what they were asking. They did not lack able spokesmen or eloquent orators, and they never hesitated, in the numerous councils held with the United States government, to air their grievances or to advocate their interests. According to Mr. Lee's contention, the six-mile-square cession at the mouth of Chicago River made to Wayne in the Greenville Treaty, conveyed for the erection of a fort to control the Lake Michigan end of the Illinois River route, was in fact a cession of land at the mouth of the Calumet (whether at South Chicago or over at Miller, Indiana, perhaps Mr. Lee can explain). Let us assume for the moment that he is correct; we are then confronted by the puzzling fact that in 1803 the government forgot the cession it had so hardly won at Greenville seven years before, and erected Fort Dearborn on another spot, title to which the Indians had never ceded; more puzzling still, why erect Fort Dearborn at all, if not to control the portage? And if the portage was at the Calumet, the fort might just as well have been erected at Sycamore, or at Syene, Wisconsin, or at any other spot in the Northwest Territory, as at the mouth of Chicago River. Furthermore, when the government put the fort on land to which it had no title, is it not passing strange that the Indians, whose rights were thus outraged, never uttered a word of complaint or protest? Substantially this thing was done by the government out in Wyoming in 1866; let anyone who doubts the red man's ability to make effective protest against such a wrong look up the history of Fort Phil. Kearny in Brady's or Mrs. Carrington's books.

My second ground has to do with the conduct of the traders, who at least from the time of Jolliet onward passed back and forth between the Illinois River country and Mackinac. Manifestly they had to make a portage between the river and the lake, and it will perhaps be admitted that, undeterred by Mr. Lee's nineteenth-century conspiracy against the Calumet, they followed, in doing so, the most eligible route the geography of the region in question afforded. Can Mr. Lee refer us to a single, unequivocal original narraative of any trader who ever went by the Calumet?

While waiting for a reply, let me direct the reader's attention to the practice of the American Fur Company, founded by John Jacob Astor, about the close of the War of 1812, to control the fur trade of the Northwest. In its employ were such men as Antoine Des Champs, superintendent of the Illinois River trade, who for forty years or more had pursued his calling in this region. We have, in the autobiography of Gurdon S. Hubbard, a remarkably clear and interesting account of how that trade was carried on. Annually in the autumn the fur brigade crept down the eastern coast of Lake Michigan and around its southern end to Chicago, whence, under conditions of toil and hardship almost incredible, the painful passage was made across the portage to the Des Plaines, or even a distance of fifty miles or more to the Illinois. Annually in the springtime advantage was taken of the flood caused by the melting snows to force the boats up the Des Plaines against the swift current to Chicago, in the manner so vividly described by Joutel as far back as 1687. What strange perversity actuated the traders thus to continue year after year, as Des Champs had been doing for a lifetime, when as Mr. Lee has amply demonstrated the infinitely better passage by the Calumet lay invitingly before them?

That the Chicago route was long and arduous Mr. Lee has shown; so desperately hard was it, in fact, that Hubbard, who was a man of vision and one of the keenest business men Chicago has ever known, vainly urged his chief to abandon it altogether, and when after several years he himself succeeded Des Champs as superintendent of the Illinois River trade, he promptly did so. In favor of the Calumet route? By no means. He abandoned it in favor of Indian ponies. In fact, the benighted Hubbard, creator of the famous Hubbard Trace to Danville, who knew the region around Chicago as a schoolboy knows the alphabet, seems never to have heard of the Calumet Portage. If Mr. Lee asserts the contrary, it will remain for him to show why Hubbard, inheritor of all the lore of a long line of traders in Illinois, and husband of Watseka, the niece of Chief Tamin of the Kankakee band of Potawatomi, never deigned to make use of it. Was he, too, enmeshed in the vile conspiracy of a Chicago as yet unborn against the "birthright of the great Calumet region?"

My final consideration has to do with a notable legal battle which was waged at Chicago in the years from 1909 to 1917 (or thereabouts) between a private corporation and the state of Illinois (later, the United States) over the control of flowage on the Des Plaines River. Property interests of untold value were involved in the issue, and neither government nor corporation spared toil or expense in the ef-

fort to win the decision. Under the guidance of able attorneys (one of them has but recently succeeded to the place of Judge Landis on the Federal Bench) the country was scoured for witnesses who might shed any light on the case, and historical experts of such caliber as Professor McLaughlin of the University of Chicago, Professor Alvord, now of the University of Minnesota, and the late Reuben G. Thwaites of Wisconsin gave weeks and even months to the investigation. The legal question at issue was that of the navigability of the Des Plaines River, and its decision chiefly turned on the demonstration of the historical evidences of the use of the Chicago Portage. Seldom, if ever, has so exhaustive an investigation been made of a comparatively obscure point in American history. The libraries of the nation, and even some of foreign lands were put under requisition, and every fact and authority which the toil and ingenuity of many able workers, explained over months and even years of time, could evoke was brought to bear in the controversy. Yet the thousands of dollars expended and the thousands of pages of testimony piled up, the days and weeks of sharp cross examination of historical witnesses by batteries of keen-minded attorneys, aided and advised by the historians whom they had summoned to their assistance, evoked, so far as I can recall, not one single suggestion in support of Mr. Lee's great discovery that the Chicago Portage was in fact the Calumet. I am no blind worshipper of authorities, merely as such, but if Mr. Lee is right and these men gained no glimmer, even, of the fact, they surely should be awarded the world's booby prize for monumental stupidity and incompetence; and among the recipients of the award will be such men as Judge Wilkerson, Attorney Frank H. Scott, Professor Clarence W. Alvord, and Dr. Reuben G. Thwaites.

But after all it is ancient straw that we are threshing. Our author's discovery is not original with him; its main contention (minus the conspiracy idea) was advanced by Mr. Hagar in an address before the Chicago Historical Society on June 15, 1880; and the speaker's errors and misconceptions were effectively exposed by H. H. Hurlbut in his *Chicago Antiquities* (pp. 384-88) published the following year. Hurlbut anticipated by thirty years the conclusions of those engaged in the legal trial to which I have alluded and with his final rejoiner to Hagar I am content to close my case against Mr. Lee. "If Professor Hagar," says Hurlbut, "had shown us that the Calumet had long borne the name of Chicago; if he could establish a suspicion that it had been a comon thoroughfare of the Indians from time immemorial from the lake to the Illinois; if he had shown us where, among the written words of early travelers, they speak

of the Calumet as a route of inland navigation, as Chicago has been spoken of by, for instance, La Salle, Tonty, Allouez, Joutel, La Hontan, St. Cosme, La Source, Gravier, etc., who each and all were here, then we would entertain his plea, but not otherwise."

The reader—if any—who has patiently followed me thus far, may well begin to wonder where in all this the Mission of the Guardian Angel comes in. I answer with a statement of Moses, which Mr. Lee, by quoting with approval (p. 30), has made his own: "As early as 1698 (1696, Father Pinet) a mission had been established among the Miamis, called Chicago. *It is evident that this mission was on the route usually followed by travelers, wherever that was, along the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan.*"

Quite so. And as surely as George Washington was George Washington and not George III or Julius Caesar, so surely was the Chicago Portage the Chicago, and not the Calumet. I rest with Hurlbut, who, in his criticism of Hagar, remarks: "He [Charlevoix] did not propose to reach the Illinois and Mississippi by way of Calumet Lake; *indeed we cannot remember of ever reading of any one who did.*"

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Madison, Wis.

MISSIONARY ADVENTURES AMONG THE PEORIAS

During the century that followed its discovery by Father Marquette, the wide Illinois valley was colonized very slowly. Over its vast area wandered the hunter and the trapper, the Redskin and the halfbreed, without law and without master, except for the restraining influence of the missionary who sought them out in their remote encampments. An adventurer for Christ and the Gospel, he counted not the cost. He came and went, when and where his ministry called, entirely oblivious of personal comfort and unsparing in his efforts to win souls for Heaven.

In retrospect his career appears enveloped in a glamor of romance and daring, of perils surmounted and obstacles overcome. In reality his life was uninspiring, dreary and depressing. It called for constant traveling in a frail canoe in all sorts of weather, for tramping with a roving tribe on a dim trail stretching endlessly towards the horizon, living the while on coarse food seldom varied from season to season. The monotonous lonely days were followed by intensely lonely nights, the loneliness of the waste places that drives men mad if God be not their constant invisible companion.

The Peorias were the most refractory type of all the Illinois Indians. They were won to the faith only after a long and persistent struggle, the record of which has fortunately been preserved at least in part. The black-robes who labored amongst them, although cast in a heroic mold, courageous at all times and forgetful of self, were human none the less. Their life was never safe in the encampment where a frenzied brave might run amuck at any moment. They dreaded the dangers that lurked in the long prairie grass along the Indian trail. The brooding mystery of the dark silent forests depressed the stoutest spirits. Oftentimes in the American wilderness it required greater heroism to live than to die. The deadly tomahawk, the fiendish scalping knife, did their bloody work quickly and thoroughly. To walk and to dwell amidst filth and immorality, in the coarse surroundings their whole being loathed, among a tribe vicious and deaf to all high appeals, was a martyrdom worse than death. The vicissitudes of their checkered career, of their hopes and fears, their difficulties and tribulations, appear in a new light when reread in presence of all the changes civilization has brought about, a civilization

they had given up but could not forget while buried in the wilds. Primitive nature and primitive man have inspired many a rhapsody to those who have never contended with them. It is far otherwise with those who have seen, and have struggled undismayed against the fearful obstacles they presented at every step.

The missionaries amongst the Peoria tribe in the heyday of its savage strength paint the lights and the shadows with tragic accuracy. A temporary exultation might lead men like Father Gravier to these inhospitable nations. Only supernatural motives could have kept him there or made him go back after some harrowing experience when nature rebelled against the seemingly useless sacrifice. Father Gravier had taken up the burden laid down by his predecessor. He returned to them from the Miamis in March, 1693, to bless a new chapel and a cross nearly 35 feet high. They treated him with deference but remained cold and distant. He was determined to bring matters to a head:

As I showed that I was surprised by the indifference to instruction that I observed among the Peoria, notwithstanding the politeness with which the old men received me, one of them told me in confidence that his tribesmen had resolved to prevent the people from coming to the chapel to listen to me, because I inveighed against their customs and their juggleries; that they would, however, receive me well, in order to save appearances. I saw very well that this information was true. For the chief of the Peoria, who was the most prominent of all the jugglers, strongly opposed the Christian faith,—saying that it was important for the public welfare that no one should go to pray to God in the chapel any more until the corn was ripe and the harvest over; and that he would then exhort the people to go to be instructed.

We seem to hear an echo of the old Roman statesman when this aboriginal chief proscribes Christianity as dangerous for the public weal. At the bottom of his plea there was also the old cunning and greed.

The period that he fixed was a long one, for he thought that I would offer him a present to shorten it. Seeing that I could not rely upon a man as selfish as he, and one animated by no good will, I myself went to ask the inhabitants of the village to come to learn the road to heaven, without heeding the obstacles that the devil might oppose it. I met a band of weeping women lamenting over a dying child, who died as soon as I tried to approach him. The grandmother, who was not ignorant of the fact that I had baptized him a year ago, turned all her anger against me; after saying many harsh things against me, she threw herself against me like a fury, and violently pushed me out of the dwelling, for fear, she said, that through the enchantments of baptism I might give to her and to all those present some new cause for lamentation. I endured this insult with a calmness that surprised myself, praising God because He did me the honor of allowing me to suffer something for His glory and for the salvation of souls.

Such conduct was bound to impress even the coarsest natures. Indeed,

this woman's ill humor did not last long. Soon afterward she told me that some human consideration had led her to treat me thus.

But, sadly comments Father Gravier,

the death of some children who have been baptized, causes the missionary's approach to be viewed with apprehension when he visits the sick; and it is often thought that all is over with them when he administers baptism to them;

an attitude of mind that persists today in most mission countries.

It was this fear of baptism that shortly afterwards involved him in an argument on the immortality of the soul:

They told me that man died utterly; that, if the soul lived, as I said it did, men would be seen to come back on earth after their death.

So convinced were they of the soundness of their reasoning that they drove him out summarily from the lodge when he endeavored to confer the sacrament. The Father, however, had his revenge, such as they had not expected and could take no offense at. Three days later he gave a feast to all the Christians, according to custom.

On such occasions one has a right to say whatever he pleases to his guests, without their feeling hurt by it. I reproached some, whom I named, with their indifference and their want of assiduity in attending the meetings in the chapel to hear the instructions. I explained to all of them the manner of confessing, and the bonds of Christian marriage; I told them of the blessedness of the faithful, and of the favor that God has done them by placing them among the number of his adopted children. I told them that He looked with horror upon their relatives and countrymen who were so many slaves of the devil, and would burn with him forever in Hell, unless they became converted; and that moreover their good or evil example was of great weight in promoting or preventing the conversion of their relatives.

As he noted very little improvement among the older generation, he devoted all his energies to the instruction of the young. At times a ray of light shone through the darkness.

In the midst of a corrupt nation which indulges in licentiousness of every kind, I find a young widow whose parents, as is their wont, made her marry without taking the trouble to ascertain whether she wished to be married or not. She had not the courage to manifest to her parents the aversion that she felt for it; but she did have the courage to remain with her husband a long time without altering her first resolution. As he loved her dearly he would not take another wife; and when at the point of death, he told his wife's parents that he gave her back to them as they had given her to him. He begged his brother, who was unmarried, to marry her, assuring him that he had lived with her as with a sister; but she would never consent, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of her

parents during three years. She desired greatly to become a Christian, but she did not venture to speak to me of it, although she made her companions tell me of it, and came to the chapel daily for four years. I baptized her last Spring. As she has bared the depths of her soul to me with much ingenuousness, I am convinced that she has a horror of everything that may be contrary to purity. She told me frankly that the resolution she had taken to live always alone—that is, not to marry—was due to the aversion that she felt for all that she heard and saw done by the married people of her country. She did not think that it was because God especially loves virgins, and she had not been taught to have that idea; but said that in future, she would always tell God that He alone possessed all her affections—that her heart was too small, and He too great, to divide it.

Intensely practical, he was not over-sanguine as to the outcome:

Since she has told me of her intentions, she has displayed admirable zeal in seeking to be instructed; and so far she has not belied herself. I endeavor to strengthen her in her resolutions against the inconstancy that is natural to these savages, and to persuade her that she must be on her guard as much against herself as against those with whom she has to live; and that otherwise she would soon neglect to perform the duties imposed on her by her baptism.

Such glad surprises were few and far between. Trouble was his common lot.

A young Peoria man—baptized long ago and well instructed, but who compelled me during the previous year to forbid him entrance to my lodging, and to threaten him with expulsion from the church—led his countrymen to believe that his chagrin would induce him to say and do everything that might be asked from him against Christianity. The chief of the Peoria and of all the jugglers, with some of his relatives,—of the same party and among the most notable persons of the village—omitted nothing to embitter his mind against the neophytes and against the missionary. 'Thou wouldst not believe us,' his relatives said to him; 'thou wouldst attach thyself to the Black Gown, and he has . . . . thee. We do not thus despise thee. We have pity on thee, and thou shalt have a share in our feasts. Let the Kaskaskia pray to God if they wish, and let them obey him who has instructed them. Are we Kaskaskia? And why shouldst thou obey him who art a Peoria? Since he has vexed thee, thou must declare publicly that thou abandonest prayer; that it is worthless.' 'I shall hold a feast,' said the Peoria chief, 'and I shall invite all the old men and all the chiefs of bands; thou also wilt be invited. As regards our medicines and what our grandfathers and ancestors have taught us, has this man who has come from afar, better medicines than we have, to make us adopt his customs? His fables are good only in his own country; we have ours which do not make us die as his do.'

As this typical example shows, human nature and human perversity are the same all over, whether the skin of the sophist be red or white. This apostate finally gave heed to the voice of conscience. He turned a deaf ear to his tempters.

In vain they assured him that I had toads wherewith I compounded poisons for the sick. Convinced as he was of the contrary, he took up my defense; and impelled by salutary remorse for his sin, he came to me to be reconciled to God.

Becoming courageous now, he did not hesitate to make open sport of the groundless beliefs of his tribesmen. They held the toad in superstitious awe and dreaded it as the sure harbinger of death. A bold medicine man, intent on vindicating its mysterious powers over life, invited a number of Indians to his lodge. Strutting to the middle of the cabin to pick up the bundle of rags in which he had wrapped up his toad, he uncovered it, and said to the old men assembled there:

My brothers, you will see that Antoine, the Christian, will bring about his own death if he merely smells of this cloth.

Antoine spoke up:

Let me die. I shall be content to do so to expose your deceitful practices. I will smell your toad.

A sudden silence fell on the bystanders who did not doubt that his rash act would cause his death on the spot. He took the bundle, smelled of it several times, and lifted the toad up to his nose. "And still I am not dead," he announced in triumph. "Thou wilt die shortly," replied the medicine-man. Antoine smelled of the toad again and again to taunt him. He remained in the cabin for two hours. The imposter, irritated at seeing his charm without effect, hung his head and said not another word, being quite ashamed and also quite surprised that the hated Christian did not die. The old men, wiser now, withdrew, saying to him: "We are convinced that Assapita—that was the juggler's name—has not told the truth, and we are glad to see that you are not dead." The jugglers, whose power over the people was waning, remained for a long time the bane of the missionary's existence: "Some openly oppose me," notes Father Gravier a little later; "and do all they can to cast discredit upon our religion. Those who are more wary, show me some politeness to save appearances, while in an underhand way they do everything in their power to prevent the savages from being instructed."

Winter came on and as the tribe were leaving for their winter quarters the Father went to the river watching for an opportunity to baptize babies who might be in danger of death.

The chief of the Peoria, who was surprised to see me standing at the water's edge, asked me what I was doing there. I replied jestingly that I wished to baptize his child, on which he began to joke. 'Be not surprised,' I said to him and to those who were present, 'if I have been standing here so long. I am much more surprised that no pity is shown to the children who are and who will be

the slaves of the devil if they die without baptism.' Although this reason was not an obvious one to them, I was permitted to baptize several privately.

The greatest obstacle to the introduction of Christianity was the almost unbelievable moral degradation of the tribes. To this point Father Gravier adverts repeatedly. Yet his efforts were not altogether without avail. And when some isolated cases, auguring a brighter future, came to his notice, he dwells on them lovingly.

Although there is a great deal of corruption among these tribes, after all, the number of nubile girls and of newly-married women who retain their innocence, is much greater than those in the . . . . . and the fervor of her who married the Sieur Ako has nothing of the savage in it, so thoroughly is she imbued with the spirit of God. She tells me the thoughts and the elevated sentiments that she has regarding God, with such ingenuousness that I cannot sufficiently thank God for revealing Himself so intimately to a young savage in the midst of an infidel and corrupt nation. She answered her father and mother, when they brought her to me in company with the Frenchman whom they wished to have for a son-in-law, that she did not wish to marry; that she had already given all her heart to God, and did not wish to share it. Such were her very words, which had never yet been heard in this barbarism. Consequently her language was received with displeasure; and—as I frankly stated that such sentiments were not those of a savage and that God alone could have inspired her with them—her father and mother and still more the Frenchman who wished to marry her, were convinced that it was I who made her speak thus. I told them that God did not command her not to marry, but also that she should not be forced to do so; that she alone was mistress to do either the one or the other, fearing only to offend God. She made no answer either to me or to all the entreaties of her father and mother who went away quite chagrined, and thinking only of venting their anger against me,—imagining that it was I who prevented their daughter from giving her consent.

Father Gravier had to bear the brunt of the storm let loose by this wilderness romance. For a while it put his life in jeopardy, as the chiefs retaliated by forbidding the tribesmen to go to the chapel for divine services, under severe penalties. A few, nevertheless, ventured to go.

Hardly had I begun to chant the VENI CREATOR when a man about 45 years of age entered the chapel, with a club in his hand, saying in a threatening tone: 'Have you not heard the chiefs' prohibition? Obey and go out quickly.' He seized one by the arm, to make her go out; but she remained firm. I went straight to him and said: 'Go out thyself and respect the house of God.' 'The chiefs forbid them to pray,' he replied. 'And God commands them to do so,' I said. 'Be silent and go out.' I did not expect that he would give me time to say to him all I did. I afterwards returned to the altar-step where I continued the prayer. He took another by the arm to make her go out. 'You do not obey,' he said. 'Take care not to offend the master whom we serve here,' I called out to him; 'withdraw and leave us to pray to God. And you who honor the Lord of heaven and earth fear not; He is with you and He guards you.' He remained

some time longer without saying a word; and seeing that he gained nothing he withdrew with another old man who had followed him. I praised all present for having caused the devil's emissaries to lose courage.

Thinking that this public insult should not go unpunished, Father Gravier invoked the help of the secular power, and went to the commandant of the fort to lodge a complaint. But he gloated over the missionary's discomfiture. After several further parleys all obstacles were removed. The chief retracted all the calumnies he had spread about the missionary and humbly begged to be forgiven "his drunkenness, that is, his obstinacy." The ceremony that united the Frenchman and the Indian chief's daughter took place before a large concourse of savages and was celebrated with all possible solemnity. It was an all-around happy event. For the first conquest this Indian maiden made for God,

was her own husband, who was famous in the Illinois country for all his debaucheries. He is now quite changed, and he has admitted to me that he no longer recognizes himself, and can attribute his conversion solely to his wife's prayers and exhortations, and to the example that she gives him. 'And how can I resist,' he has often told me, 'all that she says to me? I am ashamed that a savage child, who has but recently been instructed, should know more than I who have been born and brought up in Christianity, and that she should speak to me of the love of God with a gentleness and tenderness capable of making the most insensible weep. And my experience convinces me that she tells the truth when she says that there is no joy except for those who are good. I have such a horror of my past life that I hope, with the assistance of God's grace, that no one will ever be able to make me abandon the resolution I have taken to lead a good life in the future." The Indian chief and his wife could not long resist the example of their daughter and to the greater joy of the struggling missionary they also were baptized.

The joy of Father Gravier might well have been complete if it had not been for the hot-headedness and fickleness of his savage charges. Thus far he has largely related his own story. The tragic sequel is found in a letter of Father Mermet to the Jesuits of Canada, dated: "Among the Kaskaskia, this 2d. of March 1706." He tells the story thus:

A French soldier having been killed, the governor in Montreal sent orders that a deputation of Indians, headed by a chief, should come to him to make explanation or apologies. Mantouchensa or Bear's Head was selected and with some Illinois and a Frenchman set out for the distant city. Arrived at Michilimackinac the Indians found the French in abject fear of the surrounding tribes, who threatened 'to eat the first one who would break the peace.' The chief refused to go any further. Instead he resolved to return to his own country, and kill and pillage the black-gown and the French that he might make himself at once redoubtable and rich with their spoils. He sent his comrades away from

Michilimackinac with orders to keep in sight the said Father Gravier and the French who were among the Peoria. He himself followed closely upon his countrymen and no sooner had he reached the village than he related the news, and urged the whole village to sedition. He proclaimed loudly that they should have nothing in common with a spy like the black-robe; that by killing the French they should be well rid of them; that the Indians would thus make themselves feared just as their neighbors had done. All these disclosures excited their minds to revolt, and although not all were of that opinion, a great many followed it. Among those was a hot-headed man who, under the pretext that he had been offered a slight by the said Father, who would not bury one of his relatives in the church, would revenge himself therefor. This he did shortly afterward. For when he met the father in the village he ran to his cabin for his bow and arrows and without saying a word, shot the father, wounding him dangerously. Two arrows struck his breast but glanced off; a third tore his ear, the next would have killed him if it had not been for the collar of his cassock which stopped the arrow-head; the fifth pierced the arm at the wrist and penetrated below the elbow. Three streams of blood poured from the opened veins and from the severed artery. The father plucked out the arrow, but the stone head stuck in the sinews near the joint of the elbow. Not a single Illinois tried to stop the furious man. At the first shot the father asked the savage: 'My son, why do you kill me? What have I done to you?' He knelt to commend himself to God, and at the same time, as soon as the wound was inflicted, the father swam as it were in his own blood. A good Samaritan, a Renard (of the Fox tribe) by nation and a stranger in the village, had compassion on the father. He pressed tightly upon the upper part of the arm, and the artery from which the blood had spurted freely, allowed only a few drops to escape. Then some Christian women ran to the father, and assisted by the Renard who still retained his strong pressure on the father's arm, they brought poor Father Gravier home. An Illinois offered to dress the wound, and the father consented. But we saw from what happened afterwards that the intentions of this physician were no better than those of his brethren. He closed the wound as soon as he could, and as a Frenchman who was there, said truly, he shut up the wolf in the sheepfold, by closing up in the wound the clotted blood that was in it. At first the father felt some relief from pain. But afterwards he paid very dearly for his credulity in having accepted this physician's ministrations. Fever was added to his sufferings, and during the three months he remained there he was in terrible agony.

With no relief in sight, Father Gravier decided upon escaping from his hostile surroundings to join Father Mermet. But the news leaked out. During the night his house was stealthily surrounded by two hundred savages intent on killing him. In the nick of time a friendly chief interposed, and prevented the murder. He escaped in a canoe, and joined Father Mermet, who, on seeing his pitiable condition, greatly feared for his life. He did his best with the poor facilities at his command, going to the extent of performing an improvised operation.

The poor father could hardly say Mass once or twice. He had to be dressed like a child. But afterwards his arm swelled more than ever and he could not use

it. He uttered cries night and day like a man who is being burned; in fact he felt pains similar to those caused by a scorching fire. His condition excited compassion in me for I could do nothing to relieve him. At last I proposed somewhat rashly to lance the swelled arm, and he consented. 'But,' he said, 'you will have to cut very deep with the lancet to reach the stone arrow-head.' 'I am not sufficiently skillful to flatter myself that I can find it, even if you were to point out the place where the pain is most severe; but I hope to give you relief by allowing the pus to flow.' He consents. He exhorts me to perform the operation, and I set to work. I thrust the lancet three times into the arm, fortunately without injuring him or opening the principal vein, although the lancet was buried to one half its depth. After this a great quantity of blood having a very putrid odor, escaped, and this gave him some relief. But the stone did not appear, and we despaired of curing him. How could an inexperienced man as I was, seek the stone among the sinews?

Father Gravier was at last persuaded to go to Mobile to seek relief.

'I greatly fear,' adds Father Mermet, 'that he will die of his wound, or be crippled by it for the remainder of his life. After one day's journey he hesitated as to whether he should not return to see me, instead of continuing his journey; for the pain had greatly diminished. He continued it nevertheless with the view of returning as soon as he is cured, in order to die on his first battlefield.'

He did not return however. Father Gabriel Marest, writing to Father Germon from Kaskaskia on November 9, 1712, notes:

Previously I was in the large village of the Peorias, where Father Gravier, who had returned there for the second time, received a wound which caused his death.

And he goes on to describe various aspects of their life whose unconscious heroism is only heightened by the artless display of ordinary human feelings and fears.

The knowledge that we have of the fickleness of the savages, gave us great uneasiness about the condition of the mission of the Peorias. Our distance from their village, which is the largest one in these quarters, prevented our making frequent visits to it. Besides the bad treatment that the late Father Gravier had received from them, obliged Messieurs the Governors of Canada and Mobile, to forbid the French from trading with them. Finally at the time when we were considering means for re-establishing the mission, we learned from some Frenchmen who had secretly traded with them, that these savages were much humbled by the neglect in which they had been left; that in many encounters they had been beaten by their enemies for want of powder which was no longer furnished them by the French; that they seemed deeply impressed by the unworthy manner in which they had treated Father Gravier, and that they earnestly wished for a missionary. This news made Father Mermet, Father de Ville and myself decide that we must avail ourselves of the favorable disposition in which the Peoria were, for putting the mission again on its old footing. Providence accorded us a very natural way. It was necessary that one of us should make a journey to Michilimackinac in order to confer with Father Joseph Marest, my brother, about the

affairs of our mission of which he is superior. In making this journey we could not avoid passing through the village of the Peorias. And we hoped that the presence of a missionary might induce them to renew the solicitations which they had already made, and also the signs of repentance which they had given.

As I was thoroughly acquainted with these savages, Father Mermet and Father de Ville entrusted me with the undertaking. Accordingly I set out on Friday of Easter week, 1711. I had only one day to prepare myself for so long a journey, because I was hurried by the Peorias who wished to return home, and by whom I was glad to be accompanied. I left carrying with me only my crucifix and my breviary, and being accompanied only by three savages. Two of these savages were not Christians, and the third was only a catechumen.

I acknowledge to you, my Reverend Father, that I was somewhat uncomfortable when I saw myself at the mercy of these three savages upon whom I could scarcely depend. I pictured to myself on the one hand the fickleness of these people, whom the merest fancy might perhaps lead to abandon me, or whom the fear of hostile bands might put to flight at the least alarm. On the other hand, the horror of our great forests, those vast uninhabited regions in which I would certainly perish if I were abandoned, presented themselves to my mind and took away nearly all my courage. But at last reassuring myself with the testimony of my own conscience, which inwardly told me that I was seeking only God and His glory, I resigned myself entirely to Providence.

Cowardice was unknown to these men of boundless faith. Yet the stoutest heart might well recoil at the hazardous trip.

The journeys that you make in this country ought not to be compared with those that you make in Europe. You find from time to time homes and villages, houses to receive you, bridges or boats for crossing the rivers, beaten paths which conduct you to your destination, and people who put you on the right way if you are going astray. Here there is nothing of the kind. We have traveled for twelve days without meeting a single soul. Sometimes we have been on prairies stretching farther than the eye could reach, intersected by brooks or rivers without any path to guide us. Sometimes it has been necessary for us to open a passage through dense forests, amid thickets filled with briars and thorns. At other times we have had to go through marshes abounding in mire in which we sometimes sank waist deep. After having been much fatigued during the day, we are obliged to sleep at night on the grass or on some leaves, exposed to the wind, to the rain and to the injurious effects of the air, happy even then if we are near some brook; as otherwise, however thirsty we might be, the night would pass without possibility of quenching our thirst. We kindle a fire, and when some wild beast has been killed on the way, we have pieces of it broiled, and eat them with a few ears of Indian corn if we have any.

Besides those inconveniences common to all those who journey in these deserts, we had that of actual fasting during our whole journey. Not that we did not find abundance of roe, deer and especially of oxen; but our savages could not kill any of them. What they had heard said the night before our departure, to-wit, that the country was infested by hostile bands, had prevented their taking guns for fear of being discovered by the sounds of shots, should they fire; or of being impeded by the guns if it were necessary to take to flight. Accordingly they used

only their arrows, and the oxen they shot escaped with the arrows by which they were pierced, and went away to die far distant from us.

Nevertheless these poor people took good care of me. They bore me on their shoulders when it was necessary to pass over any brook. Whenever there were deep rivers to cross, they collected many pieces of dry wood which they bound together; and making me sit upon this sort of boat, they began to swim and pushed me before them to the other shore. It is not without reason that they feared a party of warriors: they would have had no quarter from them. Either their heads would have been split or else they would have been taken prisoners to be burned afterwards by a slow fire or to be cast into the kettle. Nothing is more frightful than the wars of our savages. Ordinarily their parties consist of only twenty, thirty or forty men; sometimes these parties are only of six or seven men, and these are most to be feared. As their entire skill lies in surprising their enemies, the small number facilitates the pains they take to conceal themselves in order that they may more securely strike the blow which they are planning. For our warriors do not pique themselves on attacking their enemy in front and when he is on his guard; for that they would need to be ten to one. And, moreover, on these occasions each one avoids being the first to advance. Their method is to follow on the trail of their enemy and to kill one of them while he is asleep,—or rather to lie in ambush in the vicinity of the villages and to split the head of the first one who comes forth, and taking off his scalp, to display it as a trophy among his countrymen. This is the way in which they do it. As soon as one of of these warriors has killed his enemy, he draws his knife, makes a cut around the head, and tears from it the skin with the hair, which he carries in triumph to his village. For several days this trophy is hung from the top of his cabin, and then all the people of the village come to congratulate him upon his valor and bring presents to show the interest they take in his victory.

The very first day of our departure we found traces of a party of the enemy. I wondered at the very piercing sight of our savages. They showed me on the grass the footprints of these warriors; they distinguished where the latter had been seated, where they had walked and how many they were. But I, however intently I looked, could not discover the slightest trace of them. It was a great good fortune for me that fear did not seize upon them from that moment: they would have left me entirely alone in the midst of the woods. But shortly after I myself, very unintentionally, gave them a severe fright. Swellings that I had on my feet, made me walk very slowly, and the savages had gone on somewhat in advance without my paying any attention to them. Suddenly I perceived that I was alone, and you may imagine what my perplexity was. I began immediately to call, but they made me no answer. I cried louder. But they not doubting that I was struggling with a party of warriors, freed themselves at once from their loads in order to run the more rapidly. I redoubled my cries and their fright increased more and more. The two idolatrous savages were already beginning to flee, but the catechumen, ashamed of abandoning me, drew a trifle nearer that he might find out what was the matter. When he perceived that there was nothing to fear, he made a sign to his comrades. Then addressing me he said in a trembling voice: 'You have frightened us very much. My companions were already fleeing, but as for me I was resolved to die with you rather than abandon you. This incident taught me to follow my traveling companions very closely; and on their part they were more attentive not to separate themselves from me.

Meanwhile the pain that I had in my feet was becoming more severe. I walked only upon sores. This touched the savages who accompanied me to such an extent that they resolved upon carrying me in turn. They tendered me this service for two days in succession. Having reached the Illinois River, and being only 25 leagues from the Peorias, I urged one of the savages to go ahead and inform the Frenchmen of my arrival, and of the unfortunate state in which I was. The third day about noon I saw several Frenchmen coming, who brought me a canoe and some fresh provisions. They put me into their canoe, and as I had no other ailment, the rest and the good care they gave me very soon restored me. Nevertheless I was more than ten days without being able to stand upon my feet. On the other hand I was much consoled by the visits of the Peorias. All the chiefs of the village came to greet me, expressing to me their joy at seeing me again, entreating me to forget their past faults, and to come and dwell with them. I responded to these marks of friendship by reciprocal marks of affection, and I promised them to fix my dwelling amongst them as soon as I had finished the business that was calling me to Michilimackinac. After I had remained a fortnight in the village of the Peorias, I thought of continuing my journey, as I had partially recovered through the care that was given me.

He reached his destination, stayed two months with Father Chardon, who was in charge, returned by the St. Joseph River, and portaged to the Illinois.

At last we perceived our own welcome country: the wild oxen, the herds of deer were roving along the banks of the river, and from the canoe we shot some which served for our repast.

Many of the savages from the village of the Peorias came some leagues to meet me, in order to escort me and to defend me from the parties of warriors who range the forests. When I drew near the village they sent one of their number thither to give notice of my arrival. The greater part of the men ascended to the fort which is placed upon a rock upon the bank of the river. When I entered the village they fired a volley from their muskets in sign of rejoicing. Joy was actually painted on their faces, and they vied with each other in displaying it in my presence. I was invited, with the Frenchmen and with the Illinois chiefs, to a feast which the most distinguished men of the Peorias gave us. It was then that one of the principal chiefs, speaking in the name of the tribe, expressed to me the keen grief that they felt for the unworthy manner in which they had treated Father Gravier. And he besought me to forget it, to have pity upon them and their children, and to open for them the door of heaven which they had shut against themselves.

For my part I returned thanks to God from the bottom of my heart on seeing the fulfilment of what I had desired with the greatest ardor. I answered them in a few words that I was touched by their repentance; that I always looked upon them as my children; and that after having visited my own children, I would come and fix my dwelling among them, that I might help them by my instructions to reenter the way of salvation from which they had perhaps strayed. At these words a great cry of joy arose, and each one eagerly expressed to me his gratitude. During the two days that I spent in this village, I said Mass in public, and performed all the duties of a missionary.

It was the happy ending of a deplorable and typically Indian fray. Upon his arrival at Kaskaskia Father Marest found it impossible to return to the Peorias as he had promised. Father de Ville was sent there in his place.

> This father who had been a short time with us, has now proved by his zeal, by his ability to win the savages and by the improvement that he is making among them, that God appointed him to this mission, not having judged me worthy of it.

Henceforward the "Jesuit Relations" are silent, and other documents are lacking concerning the Peoria tribe. Their camp on the river edge remained a trading post for Indians and whites, but lost its importance because of the more rapid development that was taking place farther south in the "American Bottom." This strip of land, extending from opposite the mouth of the Missouri for about a hundred miles to the point where the Kaskaskia River formerly emptied into the Mississippi, became the home of several French settlements and regularly organized parishes. They passed under British rule in 1765, and were won, together with the whole Illinois territory, for the American Union by General Clarke assisted by Father Pierre Gibault, on July 4, 1778. Clarke immediately sent three soldiers, accompanied by two Frenchmen in a canoe to Peoria to notify the people they were no longer under British rule but citizens of the United States. Among them was Nicholas Smith, of Bourbon County, Kentucky, whose son, Joseph Smith, was among the first American settlers in Peoria.

Nicholas Smith relates that at the time of his visit there was a large town built along the beach of the lake with narrow unpaved streets and houses constructed of wood. There was also a church with a large wooden cross raised above the roof, and with gilt lettering over the door. The inhabitants consisted of French, half-breeds and Indians, not one of whom could understand or speak English.

Although isolated from the civilized world and surrounded by savages, their standard of morality was high. Theft, robbery or murder were seldom heard of. They were a gay, happy people, living in harmony with the Indians who were their neighbors and friends. They adopted in part their customs, and in trade with them accumulated what wealth they possessed.

How often and by whom the church with the large wooden cross raised above the roof was attended, we have no means of ascertaining. But it is well to know that as the Indians dwindled, the French kept the faith alive.

Of the five great subdivisions of the Illinois Indians: Kaskaskias, Cahokias, Tamaroas, Mitchigamis, Peorias, the latter held out longest

against the influence of Christianity. A proud and headstrong nation, they clung desperately to the old heathen customs. But like all other tribes, once they came in contact with the white man's vices, their decline was rapid. The military strength of the Indian villages that clustered around Fort St. Louis in 1684, was estimated at 3680 men, the Illinois furnishing more than one-third of this number. As one-fourth of the Indians were counted as warriors, there must have been a population of approximately 15,000.

In an enumeration of Indian tribes made in 1736, half a century later, the number of warriors that could be mustered by the Illinois Indians is set down as follows: Mitchigamis, 250; Kaskaskias, 100; Peorias, 50; Cahokias and Tamaroas, 200, or 600 warriors, and about 2500 Indians in all.

General William Henry Harrison, appointed Governor of Indiana in 1800, reported that the once powerful Illinois were reduced to 60 souls, and the Peorias do not appear in the count at all. By 1833 all Indian tribes had ceded their Illinois lands to the United States Government. In 160 years from the appearance of the white man in Illinois, the land had passed from the exclusive ownership of the aborigenes into the permanent possession of another race. The remnant of the tribes, hardly 300 souls in all, removed to a Kansas reservation, on the Osage River. In 1868 they were settled in Oklahoma, where they still reside, and are officially designated as Peoria and confederated tribes. There are barely 200 souls, all mixed bloods and divided between Catholics and Methodists.

(Rev.) J. B. Culemans.

Moline, Illinois.

THE ILLINOIS PART OF THE DIOCESE OF VINCENNES

(Continued from April, 1922)

REV. FRANCIS JOSEPH FISCHER*

Father Fischer was presumably born in France. At least he came to this country from France accompanied by Father Dupontavice and others in October, 1839.

After his ordination by Bishop Hilandiere on September 19, 1840, he for a while assisted at Vincennes and surrounding missions. Late in 1840 he joined Father St. Palais in Chicago, and looked after the German Catholics of the city. He remained there until about the end of May, 1844,—not long after Bishop Quarter's arrival—when both he and Father St. Palais were recalled. Bishop Quarter recorded in his diary that Father Palais left for Vincennes on August 23d and Father Fischer left on August 28, 1844.

Father Fischer was kept reasonably busy while in Chicago with his parochial duties. The church register of St. Mary's contains many entries in his clear hand, and while the chirography is plain and more or less artistic, such claims cannot be advanced for the orthography. Father Fischer, like the other priests not trained in English, was frequently led astray by phonetics.

A very large number of Chicagoans were christened by Father Fischer, and in the long list are to be found many ancestors of prominent families still residing in Chicago. The baptismal records include the following:

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* I am indebted to Rev. C. J. Schwarz of St. Croix, Indiana, for practically all the inforcation I have been able to obtain concerning Rev. Francis Joseph Fischer and Rev. Michael Edgar Evelyn Shawe; indeed, I have very largely used Father Schwarz' own words in the construction of this paper. Father Schwarz is one of those studious, energetic priests who, no longer able to perform the rigorous duties of pastor, is spending his declining years in retirement and doing all that his uncertain health will permit to rescue from oblivion historic personages and places of especial interest to Catholics. The ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW has been fortunate indeed in enlisting the interest of Father Schwarz and several other men of his inclinations, and it is desired to extend an invitation to all readers to co-operate with us after the manner of Father Schwarz.

Baptisms by Rev. Francis Joseph Fischer in St. Mary's Church, Chicago

Date	*Person Baptized*
1841	
2- 5	Peter Smith
2-10	Catherine Schue
2-10	Marie Bows
2-10	Sara James Bows
2-23	John Ahearn
2-23	Marie Beirizera
2-23	Johanna Hau
2-23	Marie McGuire
2-24	Susanna Hau
2-25	Elizabeth Reichard
2-25	Frederick Reichard
2-28	Anne Marie Cury
3- 1	Catherine Müller
3- 6	Marie McBride
3-14	Nicolas Schnur
3-19	Amelia Bayer
3-21	Bernard Casimir Wellsman
3-23	John Connell
3-25	Marie William
3-30	Paul Corboy
4- 5	Anne Talz
4-19	Helen Neis
5- 2	Magdalen Sexton
5-10	William Farrell
5-23	Magdalena Tehoenaker
6- 6	Louise Healy
6- 7	Marguerite McErlean
6-21	Catherine Meunster
6-22	Marguerite Bohner
6-27	Johannes Schar
7-17	James Keogh
7-17	Elizabeth Stanner
8-19	Catherine Deis
8-23	Josephine Spohr
8-23	Frances Joseph Müller
8-27	John Gerry
8-29	Marguerite Thomson
9- 5	Marie Keogh
9-18	Marie Anne Daenzler
9-22	Ferdinand Kapplian
10- 2	Francis Joseph Ott
10- 3	Marguerite Welsh
10-10	Marie Theresa Franken
10-13	John Gehan
10- 5	Peter Delvot
10-18	John Frederick Overhard
10-31	Marie Anne Huren
11- 7	Marie Down
11-11	John Sauter
11-11	Alexander Joseph Claus
11-22	James Meyer
11-23	Michael Lennon
12- 6	James Henry McMahon
12-11	John Armstrong
12-11	Elizabeth Conley
12-12	Elizabeth Stein
12-15	Leonora Jackson
12-26	Elizabeth Scheindler
1842	
1- 2	Cherena Metzger
1- 5	James O'Reilly
1- 6	Rose Anne Harbard
1-16	Catherine Berg
1-16	Catherine Frances
1-20	Michael Lee
1-21	Ernestine Julie Dietrich
1-23	Marianna McKibb
1-27	John Hickey
1-31	Napoleon Whisler
2-11	Christoph Eivers
2-14	Daniel Norton
2-14	James Hayes
2-20	Thomas Musham
2-20	Mary Zoleen
2-24	Frantz Joseph Vogt
2-24	James Considine
2-26	Marie Merkel
3- 1	Marguerite Heinz
3- 5	Michael Corrigan
3-17	Leo Meyer
3-17	Victor Meyer
3-17	August Meyer
3-20	Nicolaus Neis
3-28	Frantz Bolles
4- 1	Emelia Heinz
4- 1	Franciska Periolet
4- 6	James Carroll
4-10	Sophie Carson
4-20	Johanne, wife of George Brown
4-20	Isabelle Brown
4-20	William Brown
4-26	Philip Hays

Date	*Person Baptized*
10-18	Michael Dwyer
5-11	Victoire Wolf
5-15	Anna Maria Baer
5-31	Joseph Glaser
5-31	Elizabeth Gourd
5-31	Catherine Hag
5-31	Catherine Schmall
6- 1	Marguerite Schelly
6- 1	James Schmidt
6- 4	Christine Kautenbauer
6-19	Marie Müller
6-22	Marie Hoff
7- 2	Angella Gabel
7-	Marie Anne Dawson
7-18	Hugh Jung
7-21	William James Summer
7-22	Gottlieb Schuermann
7-22	Louis Cordell
7-31	Marie Diversy
7-31	James Welsh
8- 7	Thomas O'Connell
8- 8	James Gallagher
8-13	Owen Weckler
8-21	James Hughes
8-21	Magdalene Short
8-21	John Holland
8-23	Andrew McGraw
9- 1	Julie Kinzie
9- 4	Marie Galloway
9- 5	Eleni Roach
9- 5	Eleni Sullivan
9-10	Clare Kelly
9-14	John Galaher
9-18	Marie Farris
9-18	Mathias Petri
9-22	Marie Anne Kelly
9-22	Elisabeth Rooney
9-25	Catherine Raskat
9-28	Francis Andrew Schollar
10-12	Catherine Baus
10-13	John Clodi
10-14	Margaret Lauermann
10-15	Helene Bonnet
10-16	Catherine Neidorf
10-16	Joseph Mathias Meunier
10-16	Salomi Claus
10-16	Mathias Periolat
10-25	Frederick Dour
10-29	John Wilson
10-30	Marie Olles
10-31	Anne Lane
11- 1	Michael Stephen
11- 1	Marie Donlan
11- 2	Helen Gauer
11- 2	John B. Bush
11- 2	Peter Periolat
11- 6	Francis McIntyre
11-26	Thomas Edward McKay
11-28	George
12- 4	Magdalene Miller
12- 4	Joseph Lauer
12- 8	John Hogan
12- 8	Michael Hogan
12-11	Peter Steinbach
1843	
1- 1	Rose Bailly Howe
1- 1	James Burk
1- 8	James Sexton
1- 8	Marie Elizabeth Ward
1- 8	Elizabeth Schoenmaker
1- 9	James Clifford
1- 9	William McDonnel
1-15	Peter Haupt
1-22	Nicolas Beffel
1-25	Marie Hahn
2- 2	Frantz Mathis
2-12	Susanna Gaughan
2-15	Georges Beir
2-15	Margaret Beir
2-16	Luna Dawsant
2-19	Frederick Cure
2-21	Owen Carroll
2-21	Marie Jane Bardely
3- 1	Joseph Antony
3-19	Elene Keefe
3-22	Eulogius Sauter
3-22	Virginia Claus
3-29	Peter Münster
3-29	John Peter Wendel Schuler
3-29	Angela Ahern
3-29	Mathias Joseph Spahn
3-29	John Bohlig
3-31	Marie Collins
3-31	James Elmore Hill
3-31	Gerry Francis Hill
4- 2	Magdaline Claus
4- 2	Bedelia Keogh

Date	*Person Baptized*
4- 4	Jonathan Jackson
4-20	James Francis Fleming
4-26	Michael Brohmburger
5- 1	Christoph Louis Philipp Claus
5- 1	Andrew Philipp James Claus
5- 3	Margareth Catherine Dungan
5-28	Catherine Higgins
6- 4	Eulogius Joseph Sauter
6- 4	Joseph Schendler
7- 6	Nicolas Hein
7-10	John Olsen
7-23	Edward O'Neil
7-24	Edward Murphy
7-25	Louis Woodville
7-28	Apollonia Capporn
7-30	Theresie Frank
8- 2	Frederic Hagerman
8-13	Catherine Overhard
8-14	Marie Crowly
8-16	Michael Nell
8-17	Theodore Kreuser
8-20	John Caspar
8-22	Eliz Jane Campbell
8-31	Nicolas Hess
9- 2	Gertrude Hartman
9- 4	Peter Joseph Schor
9-10	Charles Armstrong
9-14	Francisca Jane Hobbs
9-17	Elisabeth Fettermann
9-19	Hubert Fhaspach
10-14	Nicolas Malter
10-22	Elizabeth Brehler
10-23	Marie Elisabeth Hanler
10-25	John Barry
10-29	Anna Philipp
10-29	Marie Schaeffer
11-19	Michael Hickey
11-22	Honora Sumers
11-24	Antoni Schmidt
11-24	John Ryan
11-31	Anne Marie John
12- 3	Peter Migules
12- 7	Suzanna Kastler
12-10	Thomas Fitzpatrick
12-10	Anna Catherine Loer
12-10	John Bonsbana
12-11	John Nibus
12-16	Heleni Dalton
12-17	Edward Timony
12-31	Magdalena Reis
12-31	Catherine Woekel
1844	
1- 7	Barbara Schnur
1- 7	John William Owen Hilderbrand
1-21	Joseph Spohr
1-26	Josephine Ducharm
1-28	Catherine Magdaline Vogt
1-30	Heleni Lenberger
1-31	Barbara Diversey
1-31	John Kartenburger
2- 8	Josephine Hahn
2-14	Catherine Periloar
2-18	Richard Kennedy
2-18	John Harvard
2-18	John Kelly
2-18	Mathias Mann
2-23	Catherine Rogers
2-25	Charles James Sauter
3-17	Bernard Joseph Blaesi
3-17	Anne Marie Kastler
3-20	Cristine Dietrick
3-24	Marie Emilie Baumgarten
3-24	John Owen Berg
3-24	Christoph Reich
3-31	Owen Harvey
4-14	Hubert Haupt
4-14	Anne Marie Burger

Marriages by Reverend Francis Joseph Fischer at St. Mary's Church, Chicago

Date	Parties
4-22-1841	John Cowen
	Mary Blake
4-22-1841	Martin Diamond
	Mary O'Connor
5- 2-1841	Jacob McManimon
	Elizabeth Armstrong
5-14-1841	Arthur Carney
	Susan McGuire

Date	Parties
6- 1-1841	Joseph Seezer Marie Engler
6-11-1841	George Batr Marguerite Zeir
6-28-1841	Henri Heinz Beyer
6-28-1841	Martin Beyer Margaret Heinz
7- 3-1841	John Wechel Barbara Berg
7-18-1841	Michael Elizabeth Stanner
8-19-1841	Francis Hemmeyer Marireth Schiel
8-22-1841	Philip Rogers Mary Masterson
12-28-1841	Martin Jane Mulligan
1- 8-1842	Christoph Hagerman Lina Sohena
2- 7-1842	Lorentz Bier Gertrude Lauer
2- 7-1842	Frederick Ludwig Dietrick
3-29-1842	Joseph Seager Margaret
4-12-1842	Francis Margaret Meyer
5-24-1842	Mathias Müller Margaret Hait
6-21-1842	Gotlieb Barner Theresa Bartholome
7-18-1842	Patrick O'Brien Margaret Donohue
7-19-1842	Louis Criset Mary Chadonette
8- 9-1842	Peter Frey Elizabeth Kalling
11-17-1842	Shristian Kuhn Catherine Gouer
12-26-1842	Charles Baumgarten Mary Ann Frett
12-27-1842	Sebastian Steven Angelina Ott
1-14-1843	Henry Berg Maria Kuhn
1-26-1843	Mathias Kastler Elizabeth Young
2-27-1843	Jacob Sauter Marie Smith
2-28-1843	Joseph Waltz Marie Wagner
2-28-1843	John Levy Marie Ann Zeir
4-28-1843	Nicholas Kastler Eleni Knifler
5- 7-1843	John Freund Catherine Waggoner
5- 7-1843	Peter Mass Catherine Kiefer
5-17-1843	Peter Ludwig Catherine Schmal
5-26-1843	Francis Geib Margaret Hagener
5-30-1843	Joseph Dawson Eleni Shea
6- 2-1843	John Schanal Rasger
7- 1-1843	Peter Stennerty July Beaubien
7-20-1843	Henry Henriette Weber
7-20-1843	Leonard Angeline Schulz
8- 1-1843	Edward Farrell Ellen Murphy
9-10-1843	John Madden Mary Sullivan
9-22 1843	Mathias Schmidt Margaret Kuppendal
9-17-1843	John Cooney Ann Murray
9-17-1843	Michael Brady Mary Connor
9-18-1843	Michael Klanheus Catherine Estet
10-29-1843	John Waggoner Barbara Lauermann
12-22-1843	Michael Coffman Mary
1-11-1844	Killian Ott Catherine Waegler
1-11-1844	Joseph Pfaffenholz Margaret
1-16-1844	Philip Blake Eleanor

Date	Parties	Date	Parties
1-30-1844	John Sullivan Margaret Long	2-20-1844	John Bronock Bridget Hennebery
2-10-1844	John Bollig Marie Schillo	2-22-1844	Mathias Franzen Susana Schillo
2-19-1844	James Sloan Ann McGahan	4- 8-1844	Henry Codman Susaua Pahn
2-20-1844	John Ignatius Weber Francisco Periolat	4- 8-1844	Peter Petermann Catherine Hipp
2-20-1844	Patrick Elizabeth Nees	4- 9-1844	Gregorious Chester Francisco Papst

Father Fischer's Subsequent Career

Soon after leaving Chicago, Father Fischer was stationed at St. John, Lake County, Indiana, in charge of St. John the Evangelist parish. The Catholics there had a little frame church which proved too small for their rapidly increasing membership, and Father Fischer in 1846 erected for them a large log church and had the small frame building converted into a school.[1] This likely was the second parochial school in northern Indiana, the first one being at Fort Wayne, in 1845.[2] From September, 1846, to March, 1848, he had charge of the church at Logansport.[3] Thereafter he became pastor at Ferdinand, Dubois County, Indiana, with missions attached at Fulda and Troy.[4] On August 2nd of the same year (1848) we find him an assistant at St. Michael's Church in Madison, Indiana,[5] administering to the German portion of that congregation. Father Fischer, it seems, in the fall of 1848 left the diocese to serve another bishop elsewhere.

It is disappointing that the entire career of such a zealous priest as Father Fischer cannot be traced. Father Schwartz has made considerable effort to discover his subsequent career. The last place where he was found was Madison, Indiana, and in the year 1848. Father Schwartz says:

"Here I lose track of his subsequent career. I find no evidence showing him suspended, or that he joined a religious order, or to have returned to France, which I think was his native country. His name is not on the memorial or necrology list of deceased clergy of the diocese of Vincennes (now called the diocese of Indianapolis), nor is his name among the 35 priests who in January,

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[1] Alerding, *History of the Catholic Church in Indiana*, p. 420.
[2] *Ib.*, p. 194.
[3] *Ib.*, p. 358.
[4] *Ib.*, p. 312, etc.
[5] *Ib.*, p. 356.

1849, were laboring throughout Indiana, which list is given in Alerding's History of the Diocese, p. 201,—so no doubt he left Indiana in the latter part of 1848.''

To help in the search for data concerning Father Fischer, Father Schwartz makes the following suggestions:

Catholic Directories beginning with 1849. If you find a Rev. Francis Joseph Fischer—good—you know where he was then—take the next year and continue on until you come to a year which does not show him in active service anywhere—and then in that same year's directory look for the Memorial or Necrology list, and as a rule the date and place of his birth and death will be found. Of course it could happen that his name is missing in some years and again be found later on.

Father Fischer spoke German—no matter what his nationality might be—but his name has the German form, the *c* between *s* and *h*.

There are three books in German called Schematismus—a sort of Catholic Directory—mentioning only those priests in the United States who spoke German in their churches even though they were Irish or French, etc. These three books give the date and place of birth, their ordination, also their churches and missions, statistics, etc., but only for the year when the books were published. The three books may be found in large Catholic libraries.

No. 1. By Reverend Reiter, S. J.,—Schmatismus—was published 1869—look up the Index. If Father Fischer then was living in the United States, he ought to be found in that volume.

No. 2. Reverend John B. Müller (or Mueller) Schematisms—published 1872————————.

No. 3. Reverend John Nep. Enzlberger————————1892. I have No.3 and know he is not given in that one—although others named Fischer are found.

Reverend Michael Edgar Evelyn Shawe

The life of Father Shawe partakes of romance. He was of the English nobility, and while an officer of the British cavalry at Waterloo was severely wounded and as he gave no sign of life he was reported among the dead.

When his mother, thus informed, came to claim his remains she found him in a camp hospital barely alive. As soon as he could be removed she had him brought to the south of France, and there for three long years nursed him back to health. By that time however, she had sacrificed her own health in his behalf, and became a helpless invalid.

The son now nursed his mother most tenderly through a long siege of sickness which, however, terminated in her death. Sadly he took her remains to Devonshire, England, where they were gently laid to rest.

Meanwhile he was a convert, having become a Catholic during his long illness. He retired from military service, then lived a few years in Vienna and joined the Teutonic Knights of Germany, an

old Catholic order of Hospitallers whose membership comprised only those of noble lineage.

For him life here was too exclusive, and he resolved to become a missionary priest among the lowly. He entered the College at Oscott, England, to study for the priesthood, and in time drifted to the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. There he was a subdeacon when Bishop Bruté (1835) met and won him over for the missions in Indiana.[6]

Father Shawe came to this country with Bishop Bruté on his return to Vincennes, in August, 1836. In December following he received the order of deacon and was ordained priest March 12, 1837, at age 44.[7]

He and Bishop Bruté were most intimate friends and the death of the latter 1839, grieved him sorely.

Bishop Hilandiere also appreciated the worth of Father Shawe, who was an eloquent speaker, proficient in English, French and German, had learning and varied experience, was pious yet sociable and whose manner commanded respect.

Early in 1840, Father Shawe and others were with the Bishop in Chicago to try to remedy the evil of schism existing there, but their mission proved unsuccessful for the time being.[8]

Father O'Meara and adherents were yet too much excited and hurt by what was termed "a harsh and unwarranted removal which reflected on his character." At length, June 27th, he yielded and the conflict that lasted six months came to an end.

Shortly after ordination (1837) Father Shawe was sent as first resident pastor to Madison, Indiana, a little town on the Ohio River, having a small number of Irish and German Catholics. Previous to that those people had seen a priest only a few times. Without delay Father Shawe organized the Catholics under the patronage of St. Michael and for two and one half years held divine service in private homes or some public hall. His congregation consisted of the very poor, was scattered over four counties of rough hilly country, with most primitive and miserable roads, and one may imagine the hardships and privations the priest had to undergo.[9]

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[6] Illinois Catholic Historical Review, Vol. II, pp. 344, 345.

Shea, *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, Vol. IV., p. 579.

[7] Bishop Bruté's list of ordinations gives Father Shawe as the first one ordained by him, and seems to prove that Father St. Palais, ordained in France, 1836, had not been ordained by Bishop Bruté as some assert.

[8] Alerding, *History of the Diocese of Vincennes*, p. 171.

[9] Alerding, p. 351.

All the Madison missions were attended by Father Shawe alone, excepting a few months when he had an assistant.

The construction of the first railroad in Indiana starting in 1838 brought a great influx of poor Catholic laborers, some of whom remained permanently, and the need of a church became more and more urgent despite the general poverty.

For two years the pastor struggled amid great difficulties with erecting St. Michael's Church, a stone edifice, dedicated December 22, 1839. He himself contributed most of the funds. The congregation still worships in the same church.

To the great joy of Father Shawe Catholicity spread in Madison and the church affairs were steadily improving under his guidance.

When recalled 1840 he became assistant at the Vincennes Cathedral, taught classes in the seminary, helped out in churches of the surrounding country, generally accompanied the Bishop through the wilderness on Confirmation tours, at times had to conduct missions in the parish at Chicago and elsewhere, etc. With all his work for four years he was happy and contented.

In 1844, however, he became discouraged. Diocesan affairs were being conducted in a way that caused dissatisfaction everywhere even at headquarters.[10]

About June, Father Shawe resigned, quit the diocese and in September following became Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Notre Dame.[11]

But something was not congenial. He had some French associates who formerly served under the defeated Napoleon while, he, an Englishman, served under Wellington the conqueror; and their respective sentiments in things national and military were often at variance. To shield his sensitive nature as much as possible from the thought of what happened to him at Waterloo and what in turn robbed him of his mother he withdrew from the scene and returned to pastoral work, where his mind would be more diverted.

In 1845, we find him at Detroit, Michigan, in charge of Holy Trinity, a large Irish congregation, whose church was rather small,

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[10] Alerding, p. 177. The new Chicago diocese had just begun operating and held Chicago and other territory where there was daily progress. Thus the most promising portion of the Vincennes diocese was withdrawn and what remained of Indiana was in a lagging condition. The outlook was gloomy. Hoping to stimulate matters the Ordinary with excessive energy directed all affairs in such minute detail that priests feared to do anything on their own initiative. Hence the general dissatisfaction referred to.

[11] *History of the Catholic Church in Indiana*, p. 546.

and three years later Bishop Lefevere installed him as pastor of the large Cathedral which had just been dedicated and into which Holy Trinity had been merged.

Father Shawe formed guilds to associate the Catholics together and also to aid in the pastoral work. Catholics were soon attracted by his pleasing personality and devotion to duty, and in due course he gained the esteem of all classes in Detroit, where he spent the last eight years of his varied life.

Early in 1853, the beloved Father Shawe was called to his eternal reward. "On the 30th of April, he set out in a carriage with two acolytes to open a new church at Connor's Creek, but the horses took fright; he was thrown out and seriously injured. He was removed to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, where he expired at the age of sixty, May 10th, 1853."[12]

Thus closed the career of Father Shawe, the descendant of a noble family, and for sixteen years an humble priest in God's service.

This distinguished scholar, soldier, convert and priest visited Chicago, perhaps frequently, but there is little evidence to indicate that he was ever assigned to the Chicago mission.

Something is added by this article to the literature of the O'Meara-Palais controversy. Father Schwartz says that "Father Shawe and others were with the Bishop in Chicago to try to remedy the evil of schism existing there," referring to the disagreement between Father O'Meara and Father Palais in 1840, quoting Alerding's History of the diocese of Vincennes as authority.

The church register shows that he was here on at least two other occasions. On May 21, 1841, he recorded the baptism of James Dalton and Honorah Barry, and a month later, June 21, he recorded the baptism of William Fagan. In each of those cases he signs himself as Missionary General, and must be credited with the most artistic and legible penmanship in the entire register.

Everything known about Father Shawe tends to prove that he was an unusually brilliant and scholarly man, and a very devout priest.

JOSEPH J. THOMPSON.

Chicago.

[12] Shea, Vol. IV, p. 581.

COLONEL JOHN MONTGOMERY

An "Irishman Full of Fight," Commander-in-chief of the Virginia Troops in the County of Illinois

The winter of 1779 and '80 was the most severe in many years in the Illinois, and the spring of 1780 was indeed a gloomy one to the small American army quartered in the three French villages of Kaskaskia, Prairie du Rocher and Cahokia. Colonel George Rogers Clark had departed with most of his troops to a place called the Iron Mines, near the mouth of the Ohio River, where he was engaged in erecting Fort Jefferson. The commandant of the Illinois was Lieutenant Colonel John Montgomery, an Irishman born in 1748 in Bottetourt County, Virginia, who in the year 1771 was one of the celebrated "Long Hunters" in Kentucky; from there he joined Colonel Christian's regiment and took part in the Point Pleasant campaign in Dunmore's war. When Colonel George Rogers Clark was enroute to capture The Illinois settlements in 1778 at "Corn Island" he received what his biographers say was "an important accession to his little army, of twenty volunteers from Kentucky under Captain Montgomery,"[1] who was described as "an Irishman full of fight" who engaged in the enterprise with great ardor. Clark in the fall of 1778 was promoted to a full Colonelcy and Captain John Montgomery was made Lieutenant Colonel and given the title "Commander-in-chief of the Virginia Troops in the county of Illinois."[2]

A letter written by Colonel Montgomery to Clark in September, 1779, shows the condition the American army was in. He says: "I can't tell what to do in Regard of clothing for the Soldiers as the Goods you wrote to me is gone—and I would Be Glad that if it is in your power to Send me a Relefe to me for the Soldiers if it is onley As Much as will make them A little Jump Jacote and a pear of overalls I think they Mite Scuffle threw."[3] The time of service of most of the troops had expired. Desertions were almost a daily occurrence and the American army was rapidly diminishing in numbers.

Early in the Spring of '80, Clark, who had now been made a general, decided to concentrate his troops at Fort Jefferson.[4] The

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[1] Monette's *Mississippi Valley*, Vol. 11, p. 101.

[2] Butterfield, *Conquest of the Illinois*, p. 270.

[3] Draper, Mss., 49 J. 74.

[4] Virginia State Papers, 1-358.

soldiers at Vincennes were called and Colonel Montgomery was given orders to retire most of his troops from the Illinois villages, Governor Patrick Henry having written General Clark that it would be necessary to withdraw as many of the troops as possible from the territory north of the Ohio; for he, "need expect no help or supplies from the State."[5] Before Montgomery could carry out his orders, news was received that an army of British and Indians was on its way to attack the Illinois settlements. Instead of retreating with his few soldiers and thus virtually obeying the orders from his commander this "Irishman full of fight," did not desert the weak French settlements, but at once set about fortifying Cahokia, the most northern settlement where he was stationed. Montgomery also consulted the Spanish Commandant at Pencour (St. Louis) and together they sent a joint message to General Clark at Fort Jefferson, notifying him of the threatened British and Indian invasion. Clark at once set out for Cahokia and arrived the night before the British and Indians made their attack on St. Louis.

In 1779, Spain had declared war against England and it was supposed that British officers planned this attack on the Spanish posts on the Mississippi in retaliation, but it seems that the British designs were not merely to attack the Spanish posts. A letter written by Patt Sinclair, lieutenant Governor of Michilimacinac, to General Haldimand sometime between February 17th, 1789, and the last of May that year, shows that this movement was but a part of a general plan of attack. Captain Charles de Langlade, with a chosen band of Indians and a party assembled at Chicago, was to make an attack by the Illinois River. Another party was sent to watch the plains between the Wabash and the Mississippi, and the expedition against Pencour (St. Louis) and Cahokia was under a Mr. Hesse, a British trader (formerly of the 60th regiment), who with seven hundred and fifty men, including traders, servants and Indians, the latter had assembled at La Prairie du Chien, came down the Mississippi and made "an attack on the Spanish and Illinois." Still another body of British were to attack the Spanish settlements at the mouth of, and along the lower Mississippi.[6] The Indians in Captain Hesse's party were Menominees, Sioux, Winnebagoes and Sacas and Foxes, most of the latter joining the party at the mouth of the Rock River near their village.

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[5] Draper, Mss., 29 J. 14.

[6] Canadian Archives, Series B., Vol. 97., Pt. 2, p. 349.

On May 26th the British and Indians attacked St. Louis. They killed a number of the inhabitants, but failed to capture the place. A part of the army, mostly Indians, on the next day crossed the Mississippi and attacked the post at Cahokia, but were equally unsuccessful. The British and Indians then commenced a retreat north, one part going by way of the Mississippi, the other by way of the Illinois River.

General Clark, after this engagement, at once returned to Fort Jefferson to guard against an expected attack on that place, but before leaving, ordered Colonel Montgomery to pursue the enemy, distress them, and attack and destroy their towns. Montgomery was ordered to follow the enemy up the Illinois to lake (Peoria) and then cross the country and attack the town of the Sacs and Foxes on Rock River near its mouth.

The attack by the American army on the Rock River town of the Sacs and Foxes is the only event in the Revolutionary war that brought the American army so far north, and the Sac village being the objective point, it is well worth the time to know what the "Ancient" village of the Sacs and Foxes was.

The Sac and Fox Rock River Village

To the historian that part of our State now Rock Island County offers a fruitful field. Here, about 1722 or some ten years later, the allied tribes of the Sac and Fox Indians settled, and along the north bank of the Rock River, near its confluence with the Mississippi, built a village, which they continuously inhabited until driven beyond the Mississippi by United States soldiers in 1831,—a habitation of one hundred and nine years, a longer period than the occupancy of any other village of the Nomadic Redman of North America. Much has been written concerning this village; some writers have described it as "being in the shape of a right angle," and said that the houses "were built, as a general rule, facing or fronting upon the public squares, or other streets." Others have said the village was laid out in "lots and blocks," much like our modern cities; but from all that I am able to learn, the Sac wigwams or houses were built facing the river and extended from the high bluff (now called Watch Tower) down within a mile where the Rock River empties into the Mississippi. From about the year 1800 the Rock River village was inhabited almost solely by the Sacs and such of the Foxes as were under the leadership of the War Chief Black Hawk, and were generally known as the "British Band." The Foxes maintained a village on the Mississippi

River where the city of Davenport, Iowa, is now located, and opposite the lower end of the Island, known as Rock Island.[7]

That the Sacs and Foxes loved their villages and surroundings is no wonder. A noted writer who had traveled much in this country, on coming up the Mississippi River and landing at Fort Armstrong on Rock Island, some eighty years ago, wrote, "Setting down a pair of compasses large enough to extend thirty-five miles around the lower end of Rock Island and taking a sweep around it, you would have within the circle, the handsomest and most delightful spot of the same size, on the whole globe, so far as nature can produce anything called beautiful."[8]

The Sac wigwams were "very much the shape of a New England barn, sixteen or eighteen feet wide, and from twenty to fifty or sixty feet long. The largest were calculated for from two to four families. They were built by setting posts in the ground, and siding with bark from elm trees. This bark, cut about seven feet long, varied in width from two to four feet, according to the size of the tree taken from. They had rafters, and on these were laid poles, upon the poles was placed bark, making a roof that turned rain very well. These wigwams for fall and winter use were very different, being of flags woven into matting, which could be rolled up, and enough to cover a wigwam carried on one horse. They made a frame of small poles, one end sharpened and stuck in the ground, the other bent over so as to form a circle of ten or twelve feet, then they placed the matting around and over the poles, leaving a small opening in the top for the smoke."[9] The Sacs inhabited the Rock River village only in the summer and fall while cultivating their crop of corn, beans and squashes. This description is by an early pioneer who lived among these people some three years before they were driven across the Mississippi.

A traveler in Wisconsin in October, 1766,[10] speaks of one of the Sac towns as being composed of about ninety houses, built of hewn plank neatly joined and covered with bark, and that the streets were regular and spacious.

Refusal of the Sacs to give up their ancient home on Rock River, their corn fields, their fishing and hunting grounds, and the burial grounds of their ancestors, resulted in the Black Hawk war, and their forced removal toward the setting sun.

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[7] Morse's *Report of Indian Affairs*, p. 124.

[8] *Tour to Prairie du Chien*, Caleb Atwater, p. 64.

[9] *Reminiscences of Pioneer Life*, J. W. Spencer, p. 12.

[10] *Carver's Travels* (1779, p. 42.)

The Attack on the Sac Village

In no history of the early Upper Mississippi or of Illinois is there any mention of the attack upon and the destruction of the Sac village on Rock River during the Revolution. My attention was first called to this event some years ago, while reading Pike's account of an Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi, in the year 1805. In speaking of this town of the Sac nation, Lieutenant Pike said; "which (I was informed by a Mr. James Aird) was burnt in the year 1781, or 2, by about 300 Americans, although the Indians had assembled 700 warriors to give them battle."[11]

James Aird, mentioned by Pike, was a British trader whose headquarters were at Prairie du Chien, at which place he had located in 1778, and he with other British and French traders came semi-annually to trade with the Sac and Fox nations. An island in the Missippi River about a mile long above where the Rock River empties into the Mississippi was the trading ground. It was near both the Sac and Fox villages. Here the traders gave the Sacs and Foxes credit for goods, and as early as 1780, this island was known as Credit Island, a name it kept until within a few years.

Had it not been that complaints concerning Colonel John Montgomery were made to General Clark, the former would probably never have made any mention of his march from Cahokia at the head of an American army in June, 1780, and his attack on the Sac village at the mouth of Rock River. But fortunately for posterity, the jealousy existing among the officials in the early Illinois, was the cause of this complaint, which forced Colonel John Montgomery to write a letter in his own defense, in which he mentions his part of the attack on the Sac village at the mouth of Rock River; and I am pleased to say that in an examination of his record, although some writers have accused him of dishonesty, I am fully convinced that this "Irishman full of fight" was not only an honest man, but one of the most loyal subjects of the then new American Government. In a letter dated February 22nd, 1783, to the Honorable the Board of Commissioners for the Settlement of Western Accounts, Colonel Montgomery, after reviewing his official conduct, says:

"In the spring of 1780, we were threatened with an Invasion. Genl. Clark being informed of it Hurreyed his departure with a small body of Troops to the Falls of the mouth of the Ohio, when he receiving other expresses from the Spanish Comm'dts and myself, luckily joined me at Cohos, time enough to save the country from Impending

[11] Pike, *Sources of the Mississippi*, Appendix to Part 1, p. 43

ruin, as the Enimy appeared in great force within twenty-four hours after his arrival. Finding that they were likely to be disappointed in their Design, they retired after doing some mischief on the Span'h shore, which would have prevented, if unfortunately the high wind had not prevented the signals being heard. In a few days a number of prisoners and Disarters left the Enemy Confirming a report that a body of near thousand English and Indian Troops ware on their march to the Kentucky Country with a train of artillery, and the Genl. knowing the Situation of that Country appeared to be alarmed and resolved to attempt to Get there previous to their arrival. At the same time he Thought it necessary that the Enimy was retreating up the Illinois River, should be pursued so as to atact their Towns about the time the might have been disbanded, distress them, convince them that we would retaliate and perhaps prevent their joining the British Emisarys again. Previous to my knowledge of the above Resolution I had informed Genl. Clark of my Desire of Leave of absence for sometime, in order to return to my family. It was then he informed me of his resolution; and that the Publick Interest would not permit of my request being Granted, that I must take command of the Expedition to Rock River, while he would attempt to interrupt the army marching to Kentucky, and if they got them before him Except the weakened the country too much he would raise an army and atempt to play them the same Game in the Miami Country, as he hoped I would go towards Miskelemacknor, and if we should be Tolerable suksessful and the business properly arranged, I might absent myself for four or five months in the fall or winter. After Given me Instructions he left Kohos the forth of June with a small Escort for the mouth of the Ohio on his rout to Kentucky. I immediately proceeded to the Business I was order'd and march'd three hundred and fifty men to the Lake open on the Illinois River, and from thence to the Rock River, Destroying the Towns and crops proposed, the Enimy not Daring to fight me as the had so lately Been disbanded and they could not raise a sufficient force. After returning, takeing every method in my power to regulate business, I was resolved to return home, but after Deliberating sometime, was convinced that the Risque by land was great without a Guard, which our circumstances would not admit off, and that I could posably as soon or sooner return by Water than land. What might also induce me in a great measure to Take my rout by Orleans, was the probability of Recovering some deserters from the Spanish Governor, and put a stop to that pernicious practice, which I in a great measure effected as that Gentlemen appeared willing to comply with any proposition in his power to promote our interest.''[12]

Colonel Montgomery gives no detailed account of the march from Cahokia or of the Rock River engagement. He merely refers to it as showing how his time was employed while in the Illinois, and it pos-

[12] Calendar Virginia State Papers, Vol. 111, p. 441.

sibly was but a minor matter to this "fighting Irishman." Aird, who undoubtedly received his information by being at Credit Island, near by, or else from the Indians soon thereafter, says the Sacs had some 700 warriors to defend their town. It is possible they made but a feeble resistance. If so it is the only instance that history records of the Sacs running from an enemy. Black Hawk in his autobiography does not mention this event, but that is natural, an Indian tells only of his victories.

In this expedition the Spaniards from St. Louis sent two companies each of fifty men and the French of the Illinois also furnished two. The latter it seems expected to capture rich booty from the Indians and it seems were grievously disappointed. In a lengthy letter to one M. Mottin de la Balme, pensioner of the King of France, French Colonel, etc., who was then in the Illinois, the Cahokians made a complaint. They say:

"Oh, Colonel Clark, affecting always to desire our public welfare and under pretext of avenging us, soon formed with us and conjointly with the Spaniards a party of more than three hundred men to go and attack in their own village the savages who had come to our homes to harass us, and after substituting Colonel Montgomery to command in his place, he soon left us.

"It is then well to explain to you, sir, that the Virginians, who never employed any principle of economy, have been the cause by their lack of management and bad conduct, of the non-success of the expedition and that our glorious projects have failed through their fault: for the savages abandoned their nearest villages, where we have been, and we were forced to stop and not push on further, since we had almost no more provisions, powder, and balls, which the Virginians had undertaken to furnish us."[13]

I have found only one other mention of this northern Invasion, and that is an account made to Dr. Lyman Draper by Captain John Rogers, who was one of Clark's captains and commanded a Company in the Rock River expedition, who said:

"April, 1780, proceeded to Falls of Ohio, from Fort Pitt, 670 miles; find orders to continue on to the Iron Banks of Mississippi, 530 miles. Here I explore the country on both sides of the Ohio, by orders of Gen. Clark to find an eligible place to build a fort thereon. The General now received an express informing him of an intended invasion of the Village of Kahokias. I am ordered with my company for its protection, where I arrive, 200 miles; soon after besieged by a lage force, on their raising the siege, join our forces to those of the Spaniards of St. Louis, who had suffered much by said army; and follow the enemy to their towns upon the river de la Rouze (Rocke?)

[13] Draper, Mss., 51 J. 75.

distant 400 miles out and 400 in. We burn the towns of Saux and Reynards.''[14]

It is more likely the Sacs made little or no resistance, yet it was at a time of the year when the fighting men were at home. It was the time when this nation always engaged in cultivating their fields of corn, beans and squashes, comprising some eight hundred acres.

The Sacs thus were the only ones punished for the attack on St. Louis and Cahokia. Yet their conduct in this expedition was severely condemned by the British. Lieutenant Governor Sinclair, in making his report on the failure of the St. Louis-Cahokia expedition, said:

''The two first mentioned Indian Nations (Winnebagoes and Sioux) would have stormed the Spanish lines, if the Sacs and Outagamies (Foxes) under their treacherous leader Monsr Calve, had not fallen back so early, as to give them but too well grounded suspicion that they were between two fires.''[15]

No mention is made how Montgomery's army returned, but it is safe to presume they went as they came, by land. If the Indians deserted their village, they undoubtedly departed in their canoes down to the Mississippi, and thence across that stream.

Perhaps somewhere there is more in detail an account of this northern invasion, which, when found, will undoubtedly prove interesting.

Wm. A. Mese,

before Illinois State Historical Society.

Rock Island.

[14] Draper, Mss., 28 J. 3.

[15] Canadian Archives, Series B., Vol. 97, Pt. 2, p. 389.

CLAUDE JEAN ALLOUEZ—JESUIT PIONEER MISSIONARY

The name of Father Allouez is not so well known as is that of Father Marquette, with whom he was for a time associated on the Indian Missions; but as a pioneer, explorer and intrepid missioner his career is almost as remarkable. In his extensive travels he visited the country around the head of the Great Lakes, where they empty into one another at Sault Sainte Marie and at Mackinaw; he explored Lake Superior and penetrated the wilderness to the north of it where lies Lake Nipigon; his missions took him into the heart of Wisconsin and around Green Bay and he built a log chapel not far from the present University of Notre Dame in Indiana. Surely it may be said of Father Allouez, as St. Paul said of himself; "In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness." The Indians, who more than once were about to abandon him in the depth of the Canadian wilderness while on his way to the west, were his "Gentiles"; the enmity of LaSalle, a man of large vision but of narrow prejudices, brought him "perils from my own nation."

The most notable occasion of his life was perhaps the address, partly religious and partly political, which he delivered at an assembly of all the tribes dwelling within one hundred leagues of Sault Ste. Marie in June, 1671. "The purpose of this assemblage," writes Mr. John A. Lemmer, "was to foster the spread of Christianity as well as to cause the sovereignty of the French monarch to be recognized by even the most remote tribes. . . . Representatives of fourteen nations were present, some deputies coming from Monsonis at the head of Hudson Bay. When all were assembled a huge cross was raised, and the French escutcheon was fixed to a cedar pole erected above the cross. Allouez, who understood the Indian method of harangue . . . . was the orator of the day and astonished the Indians with the power and greatness of the French monarch as he pictured it for them.[1]

New France in the seventeenth century was a vast wilderness, traversed only by Indians and by a few daring French traders in furs—*coureurs de bois* as they were called—or by the equally hardy

[1] *Michigan History Magazine,* Vol. 2, p. 781-794, Oct. 1918.

agents of the great French monopoly, the Hundred Associates in Quebec, who bartered "fire-water" for furs. The main settlements were scattered along the St. Lawrence at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. Raids by the fierce Iroquois rendered impossible exploitation of the natural resources of the country or cultivation of its rich bottom lands, save close by the stockades erected to shield the settlers from the prowling savages.

Trade was confined to barter with the Indians, who would come down the Ottawa or the Saguenay Rivers once in a year or in two years, their canoes laden with furs gathered on hunting expeditions. The Indians would travel in large bands for better protection from enemies. After disposing of their peltry they would return to their villages in the distant North or West in much lightened canoes; and this furnished the opportunity to missionaries to traverse the wilderness on those long journeys which would otherwise have been impossible. The main highways of travel or trade routes were the water courses, as far removed as possible from the hunting grounds of the hostile Iroquois. As these warlike tribes controlled the country around Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, a route to the West much farther north was followed.

A glance at a map of Canada shows that the part of the country lying between the latitude of the Saguenay River on the north, where it empties into the St. Lawrence, and Montreal on the south, is a strip in which lies the northern portion of Lake Huron with its eastern extension Georgian Bay, Lake Michigan, the Sault Sainte Marie and Lake Superior. This was the region in which Father Allouez labored. The way thither lay in a direction almost directly west from the French settlements on the St. Lawrence. From Montreal the voyager passed up the Ottawa for many leagues until the portage[2] to Lake Nipissing was reached, thence across the height of

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[2] The reader desirous of following intelligently the early travels of the missionaries from the eastern settlements in Canada to the Mississippi will do well to familiarize himself with the five portages, a list of which given by Winsor (*Narr. and Crit. Hist. of America,* Vol. 4, p. 224 note), is here reproduced.

1. By Green Bay, Lake Winnebago and the Fox River to the Wisconsin River, thence to the Mississippi—route of Joliet.

2. By the Chicago and Desplaines Rivers to the Illinois River, thence to the Mississippi. This was the south-west portage on Lake Michigan.

3. By the St. Joseph River to the Kankakee, south to the Illinois and the Mississippi—route of La Salle. This was the south-east portage on Lake Michigan.

4. By the St. Joseph River to the Wabash, to the Ohio River and by that to the Mississippi. This of course took the voyager much further south.

land to that lake and down the French River to Georgian Bay. The way to the Indian villages on Lake Superior led thence through the Sault Sainte Marie; the route to the Indians living in Wisconsin led through the Strait of Mackinaw and from there around the northern shore of Lake Michigan to Green Bay. Such was the great country, largely unexplored by the white man, to which Father Allouez came in 1658.

Claude Jean Allouez was born at Saint Dedier, Haute Loire, in France. The name, as it appears in the *Jesuit Relations,* has a dieresis over the "u", which would seem to imply that it was pronounced "Alloway", the accent for those not able to preserve the delicate balance of the French stress falling on the last syllable. The date of his birth is given in most of the encyclopedias as 1620; but the date 1613 is used by Winsor and Margry, and is supported by the testimony of Father Dablon, a close associate of Father Allouez, that he died "in the seventy-sixth year of his age" during the night of the "27th to 28th of August, 1689.[3] His early education was obtained at the College of Puy en Velay, where he studied under the direction of Saint Francis Regis. He entered the novitiate of the Jesuits at Toulouse in 1643 or according to Sommervogel, on September 25,1639. His brother was also a Jesuit. In 1658 he was sent to the mission field in Canada, where for the next six years he seems to have been assigned to parochial duty in Three Rivers. By Bishop Francis de Laval he was appointed Vicar-General in the West on July 21, 1633. Learning in the next year that a band of Ottawa, had come to Montreal to trade from their far-away villages on the south shore of Lake Superior, he attempted to join them, but arrived at Montreal too late. The next year, when the same tribe visited the French settlements, he was successful in joining them. The account of his journey is contained in his *Journal,* which is included in "Relation of what occurred most remarkable in the Missions of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in New France for the years 1666 and 1667," printed in Paris at the famous Cramoisy Press, which Dr. Shea adopted for the name of his series of reprints of the "*Jesuit Relations.*" This report was written by François Le Mercier, S. J., and was addressed to his Superior, the Father Provincial of the Province of New France, Jacques Bordier. A copy of the original "Rela-

5. By the Miami River, entering from the western end of Lake Erie, to the Wabash, thence to the Ohio and Mississippi. Father Allouez gives evidence of knowing of this southern portage as early as 1680.

[3] P. Margry, *Découvertes et Établissements des Français,* Vol. 1, p. 63. Paris, 1875.

tion'' in French may be seen at the Newberry Library in Chicago, which has a complete set lacking two of all the original ''Jesuit Relations.'' These originals are very scarce indeed; copies are scattered through a few of the largest libraries of the country, but only the Lenox Library in New York possesses a complete set.

''On the eighth of August, in the year 1665,'' he writes,[5] ''I embarked at Three Rivers with six Frenchmen,, in company with more than four hundred savages of various nations, who after transacting the little trading for which they had come, were returning to their own country.'' Right at the start he had difficulty with the Indian in whose canoe he endeavored to secure passage. ''No sooner had I embarked than he put a paddle in my hand, urging me to use it, and assuring me it was an honorable employment and one worthy of a great Captain. I willingly took the paddle and, offering up to God this labor in atonement for my sins, and to hasten those poor savages' conversion, I imagined myself a malefactor sentenced to the galleys; and although I became entirely exhausted, yet God gave me sufficient strength to paddle all day and often a good part of the night.'' The food which this Frenchman and his companions were obliged to eat was far enough removed from French cooking. ''We were forced to accustom ourselves to eat a certain moss growing upon the rocks,'' he writes. ''It is a sort of shell-shaped leaf which is always covered with caterpillars and spiders, and which on being boiled furnishes an insipid soup, black and viscous, that rather serves to ward off death than to impart life.''

The flotilla of canoes proceeded up the Ottawa River as far as the portage, to which allusion has been made above, thence crossed to Lake Nipissing. ''After passing the Nipissirien Lake,'' he continues, ''as we were descending a little river, we heard cries of lamentation and death songs. Approaching the spot whence came these outcries, we saw eight young savages of the Outaouacs (Ottawa) frightfully burned by a direful accident, a spark having by inadvertence fallen into a keg of powder. Four among them were completely scorched

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[4] C. Sommervogel, *Bibliothèque de la Compagnie de Jésus,* Vol. 1, p. 183. The date 1690, given by Sommervogel for his death, is certainly wrong, as will be pointed out later; so that this error throws some doubt upon the other dates. He has adopted 1620 as the date of birth of Father Allouez. Father Dablon, mentioned above in the text, says that his associate died ''in the forty-seventh year of his entry into religion,''' which would make that year 1643.

[5] We shall quote from the English translation, printed on the pages opposite the French, as reprinted in R. G. Thwaites, *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, ed. with translation and notes.* Vol. 50-51. Cleveland, 1899.

and in danger of dying. I comforted them and prepared them for baptism.'' On the second of September the party passed the Sault Sainte Marie, which he says ''is not a waterfall but merely a very swift current impeded by numerous rocks,'' and entered Lake Superior, ''which will henceforth bear Monsieur de Tracy's name in recognition or indebtedness to him on the part of the people of those regions. One often finds at the bottom of the water pieces of pure copper, of ten or twenty livres' weight. I have several times seen such pieces in the savages' hands; and since they are superstitious, they keep them as so many divinities, or as presents which the gods dwelling beneath the water have given them and on which their welfare is to depend. . . . For some time there had been seen a sort of great rock, all of copper, the point of which projected from the water; this gave passers-by the opportunity to go and cut off pieces from it. When, however, I passed that spot, nothing more was seen of it; and I think that the storms—which here are very frequent and like those at sea—have covered the rock with sand.'' Thus Father Allouez gave to the world the first news of the ''copper rock of Lake Superior,'' as it came to be known, a mass of ore estimated to weigh 6,000 or 7,000 pounds and of 95 per cent. purity, which is now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.[6] The State of Michigan now ranks sixth among the States of the Union in the production of copper, which comes from the mines of the Lake Superior region. The presence of copper there was known to the Algonkin tribes when the French first settled in Canada.

''Having entered Lake Tracy (Superior), we spent the whole month of September in coasting along its southern shore—where finding myself alone with our Frenchmen, I had the consolation of saying holy Mass, which I had been unable to do so since my departure from Three Rivers.'' This was not the first Mass said in that region, however, because Father René Ménard on October 15, 1660, reached Keweenaw Bay on the south shore of Lake Superior where, he says, ''I had the consolation of saying Mass,'' the first Mass on Lake Superior.[7]

''On the first day of October we arrived at Chagauamigong . . . It is a beautiful bay at the head of which is situated the great village of the savages, who there cultivate fields of Indian corn and lead a settled life. They number eight hundred men bearing arms, but are gathered together from seven different nations, living in peace,

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[6] R. G. Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 50, p. 327, note 28.

[7] J. G. Shea, *The Catholic Church in Colonial Days*, p. 263. New York, 1886.

mingled one with another.'' The Indian village of Chagoimegon was located on Chaquamegon Bay—as the word is now spelled—near Bayfield, Wisconsin, some seventy miles east of Duluth. Here Father Allouez established his Mission of the Holy Spirit (La Pointe du Saint Esprit). The spot was the gathering place for all the tribes living immediately south and west of Lake Superior; through intercourse with Indian visitors who came to the Mission, Father Allouez was enabled to pick up a knowledge that aided him in his later missions among the Sioux, Illinois and Miami. A book is mentioned by Dr. Shea as ''still preserved in Canada, containing prayers in Illinois and French, which contains an ancient note stating that it was prepared by Father Allouez for the use of Father Marquette.''[8] ''God has graciously permitted me,'' Father Allouez writes of himself, ''to be heard by more than ten different nations.''

Modern writers are unanimous in their praise of Father Allouez for his careful and accurate descriptions of the manners and customs and the religious beliefs and traditions of the tribes among whom he was stationed. The good Father is shocked at the absence of shame which he observed among some of the tribes and at their licentious dances; but he takes pain to state their characteristics fairly. The religious beliefs of the Indians in his neighborhood are thus described. ''The savages of these regions recognize no sovereign master of Heaven or Earth, but believe there are many spirits—some of which are benificent as the Sun, the Moon, the Lake, Rivers and Woods; others malevolent, as the adder, dragon, cold and storms. And in general,whatever seems to them helpful or hurtful they call a Manitou, and pay it the worship and veneration which we render only to the true God. These divinities they invoke whenever they go out hunting, fishing, to war, or on a journey—offering them sacrifices, with ceremonies appropriate only for Sacrificial priests.''[8] The remedies used by the medicine men of the tribes are decidedly heroic: One ''consists in grasping the patient under the arms and making him walk barefoot over live embers in the cabin; or if he is so ill that he cannot walk, he is carried by four or five persons, and made to pass slowly over all the fires, a treatment which often enough results in this, that the greater suffering thereby produced cures or induces unconsciousness of the lesser pain which they strive to cure.''

Father Allouez made occasional visits to Indian tribes dwelling in the surrounding region. In 1666 he preached to the Sioux, living

[8] J. G. Shea, *Cath. Church in Col. Days*, p. 273, foot-note.
[9] J. G. Shea, *Cath. Church in Col. Days*, p. 273-274.

to the west and at that time on friendly terms with the Chippewa of his Mission. But five years later, provoked at insults from the tribes to the east of them, they returned the presents which Father Marquette had sent them and forced the missionaries to abandon the Mission of the Holy Spirit. Father Allouez was the first white man to meet (1667) Illinois Indians, who visited his Mission La Pointe. In the same year, while on his way to Lake Nipigon, lying to the north of Lake Superior, he found neophytes of earlier Jesuits, who had not seen a priest for twenty years, fugitives perhaps of the early Huron missions, which had been broken up by the raids of the Iroquois.

During his two years spent among the Ottawa Indians, Father Allouez had come to see the need of more missionaries and of helpers who should cultivate the fields, hunt, and fish for the sustenance of the missioners. To arrange for such assistance he returned to Quebec in 1667, reaching that town on August 3, but remaining only two days. On the third day he started back, expecting to be accompanied by two of his brethren and by four men; but the Indians refused to carry three of the men. In 1669 he again made the long journey to Quebec, this time to ask that a mission be established at Green Bay. To avoid further lengthy traveling Father Dablon was made Superior of the Western missions. Father Jacques Marquette took up Father Allouez' duties among the Ottawa and the latter was permitted to carry out his plan for a mission among the Indians on Green Bay.

In November, 1669, he "set out in the canoes of the Pottawatomies, accompanied by two other Frenchmen, and amid storms and snow toiled on till they reached Lake Michigan, and skirted its shores till they entered Green Bay on the feast of Saint Francis Xavier. The next day Father Allouez celebrated the first Mass in that part, which was attended by eight Frenchmen."[10] Here he established the Mission of Saint Francis Xavier, in a motley village inhabited by six hundred Indians of the Sauk, Foxes, Potawotomi and Winnebago tribes, who had gathered there to spend the winter. The location was at the rapids of the Fox River not far from De Pere, Wisconsin. He describes the Potawatomi as "a people speaking the Algonquin tongue, but in a dialect much harder to understand than that of the Outaouacs (Ottawa). Their country lies along the Lake of the Ilimouek (Illinois), a large lake which had not before come to our knowledge, adjoining the Lake of the Hurons and that of the

[10] J. G. Shea, *Cath. Church in Col. Days*, p. 275.

Stinkards (Puants) in the southwesterly direction." Thus was announced to the world the existence of Lake Michigan; for it seems probable that he would have heard of it before if anybody had known of it. By the Lake of the Puants he means Green Bay. He was much pleased with the Potawatomi, who were said to be the most docile and well-disposed toward the French of any of the tribes of the region. Their wives and daughters were modest and the members of the tribe "observe among themselves a certain sort of civility and also show it toward strangers."

The next quotation from Father Allouez' *Journal* contains the first mention in the *Jesuit Relations* of the Mississippi: "The Nadouesiouek (Sioux) dwell toward the great river named Messipi." In another passage he refers to "a great river, which as well as I can conjecture, empties into the sea somewhere near Virginia." Father Marquette's voyage down the Mississippi in 1673 first definitely settled the fact that the river emptied into the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1670, Father Allouez ascended the Fox River from its mouth at the lower end of Green Bay to Winnebago Lake where, at a village of the Fox Indians, he and his companions were received as though they were gods. A ceremonial feast was given in his honor, his limbs and those of his companions were anointed, and—as he himself expressed it—"a veritable sacrifice like that which they made to their false gods" was offered to him. Here he founded the Mission of Saint Mark. Returning to Winnebago Lake he followed up the Wolf River to a village of the Mascoutens and from there to the Menominees and the Winnebago, who lived near the mouth of the Menominee River, where he set to work to study their language and to translate into it the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and a brief Catechism. "Such", says Dr. Shea, "was the first announcement of Christianity in the heart of Wisconsin."[10]

The first of the Illinois missions was established among the Kaskaskia Indians by Father Marquette in April, 1675. The location was on the Illinois River, near the present town of Utica, La Salle County, and was named by him the Mission of the Immaculate Conception. Upon his death a month later the work was suspended until assumed by Father Allouez, who arrived in 1677 and conducted the Mission until La Salle appeared on the scene (1679) and installed Recollects. La Salle was an enemy of the Jesuits, who opposed some of his projects of exploiting the Indians. The Recollects stayed

[11] Given in P. Margry, *Découvertes et Établissements des Français*, Vol. 1, p. 59-64.

until 1683, Father Allouez being stationed meanwhile at Green Bay. La Salle had established a fort on the Illinois River named Fort St. Louis, at the now famous Starved Rock. In 1683 a band of Seneca Indians (Iroquois) was sent against this fort, which was left by La Salle under the command of Chevalier Baugy and Henri de Tonti; Father Allouez accompanied the French and Indian force sent to its relief, and the next year resumed his charge of the Mission among the Kaskaskias, abandoned by the Recollects. Here he remained until 1685, when the return of La Salle caused him to retire.

The last missions of Father Allouez were among the Miami and the Potawatomi. In 1670, he had met some of the tribe living among the Mascoutens in a palisaded town where he established the Mission of Saint Jacques, and had learned their language. In 1682, the Iroquois attacked the Miami, who took advantage of the building by La Salle of a temporary fort near South Bend, Indiana, to move thither, where they settled in a village, and were followed by some Potawatomi. Here on the St. Joseph River the aged missionary spent the remaining years of his life and here, near the present city of Niles, Michigan, he died August 27, 1689.

The authority for the date of his death is a letter[11] written by his former companion on the missions and Superior, Father Claude Dablon, dated Quebec, August 29, 1690,—"a whole year later than the event," he writes. The coincidence that Father Dablon's letter is dated on the 29th of the same month in which the missionary died, but one year later, seems to have led some early writers to record his death as having occurred in 1690, and later writers to perpetuate the error.

William Stetson Merrill.

Chicago.

THE CHURCH OF NAPERVILLE

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Prior to the year 1844 Naperville might well have been called one of the outposts of Christianity. Catholics who lived in the village or in the surrounding district enjoyed, up to that time, only the irregular ministrations of missionary priests, who were sent out from time to time from the dioceses of Vincennes and St. Louis. Coming as they did, on long mission journeys to minister to the needs of a widely scattered flock, these priests could not possibly do more than make brief, fitful and occasional calls, sufficient indeed to keep the sturdy plant of faith alive in the hearts of those whom they visited, but hardly calculated to give it rich growth and enable it to bring forth its choicest and most abundant fruits.[1]

In 1844, however, conditions began to ameliorate. In that year, with the appointment of the Rt. Rev. William Quarter, D. D., as its first bishop, the diocese of Chicago was established and within its territory was included Naperville, which soon thereafter was to rejoice in the regular ministrations of an attendant priest. In the very first year of his episcopate,[2] Bishop Quarter ordained the Rev. John J. Ingoldsby to the priesthood and sent him, after a vacation of four days, as pastor to Joliet[3] with instructions to visit Naperville once a month. Until a more suitable place could be provided Father Ingoldsby, on his monthly calls, conducted divine services at first in the home of Joseph Wehrle, a log cabin a half mile south of the present site of Naperville, and later in a tavern which stood on the Ory farm at the crossing of the Chicago-Naperville and Lisle-Joliet roads. But the zeal of the good people of Naperville, once it had been thoroughly aroused, would not permit them to long continue even these much improved arrangements. The blessings which they had enjoyed in the old homeland before emigrating to America were still fresh in their memories. There the Almighty had dwelt constantly in their

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[1] Tradition preserves the name of a Father Luegner, who made visits to the neighborhood prior to 1840. No account of Father Luegner has been found. Reverend Hippolyte du Pontavice, appointed by the Right Rev. Simon William Gabriel Bruté, Bishop of Vincennes, in 1841, as pastor at Joliet, undoubtedly visited Naperville in that and subsequent years. Rev. John Guequen no doubt visited Naperville in the early forties.

[2] Father Ingoldsby was ordained by Bishop Quarter August 18, 1844. See McGovern *The Catholic Church in Chicago,* p. 67.

[3] *Ib. Id.*

midst; and there, too, His anointed minister had been continually among them, day and night at their beck and call to fill every spiritual want and need that might arise. The loss of these blessings they had felt keenly in their new home; and in their desire to regain them, they soon made shift to erect a permanent house of worship and to secure a resident pastor, both of which worthy undertakings were quickly crowned with success.

In 1846 the Rev. Raphael Reinaldi was sent to become the shepherd of the struggling little flock; and the same year witnessed, too, the completion of the first church, for which the name St. Raphael was chosen, and which stood at the southwest corner of Franklin Avenue and Front Street, on the site of the present school building. There was little of architectural beauty or stylistic grandeur in the simple lines of the humble church; it was only a modest frame structure consisting of the main nave and a shed-like attachment designed to serve both as a sacristy and as a pastoral residence. But with all its simplicity, the statement might nevertheless be here hazarded, that more real heart's affection was lavished upon the construction of this little building than upon many a more pretentious temple. For the erection of even so small a church demanded a really great sacrifice of the few humble families upon whom the burden fell. There were then only twenty-five Catholic families residing in the neighborhood, among them the following: Joseph Wehrle, Peter Schultz, X. Egermann, D. Babst, Andrew Kreyder, X. Dutter, G. Ott, Joseph Jack, Andrew Schall, Francis Vry, Joseph Hinterlong, X. Riedy, Lawrence Kaefer, Anton Kuni, Joseph Pfister, John Clementz, John Jaegli, Joseph Seiler, X. Drendel, X. Winkler, Michael Schwartz, Valentine Dieter, Schrodi and Beaubien.[4]

With the church completed and a resident pastor in charge, the parish of St. Raphael at Naperville, in spite of its small numbers, seemed about to enter upon a period of vigorous and active life. But there were many disappointments in store for the faithful little flock. In those early days there existed a condition which, deplore as one might, could not be easily obviated. Priests were all too scarce; and the good bishop in providing for the welfare of the entire diocese was often compelled to remove the pastor whom he had sent to Naperville; and often, too, he was forced to leave the parish without a priest in order that other points might be attended, where Catholics were more numerous and where, consequently the need was greater. In the first twenty years of its existence St. Raphael's had no fewer than twelve

[4] *Archdiocese of Chicago*, p. 243.

pastors; and during that same period of time it was without a priest for an aggregate of sixty-eight months. Reduced to an average, therefore, each pastor's term of office during that first score of years was but a trifle more than fourteen months. Three times it was death that robbed the flock of its shepherd; more often it was the call of the bishop voicing the greater need of priestly service which was felt elsewhere. The following list of pastors together with the dates of their appointment and departure will furnish an idea of the many changes and vacancies:

Rev. Raphael Reinaldi, 1846 to July, 1848.

Rev. Charles J. Marogna, July 10, 1848 to August, 1848.

Vacancy of eleven months.

Rev. Nicholas Jung (approximately) 1849 to October 22, 1849.

Vacancy of four months.

Rev. Francis A. Voelker, early (before March 12) in 1850—died September, 1851.

Vacancy of two months.

Rev. Charles Zuker, November 14, 1851 to August, 1853.

Vacancy of four months.

Rev. John T. Kraemer, December, 1853 to September, 1854.

Vacancy of eight months.

Rev. Rudolph Etthofer, May 14, 1855—died October 25, 1855.

Vacancy of six months.

Rev. Eusebius Kaiser, April, 1856 to July, 1857.

Vacancy of thirteen months.

Rev. L. Snyder, August, 1858 to November, 1858.

Vacancy of one month.

Rev. John P. Carolus, December, 1858—met with fatal accident May 27, 1861.

Vacancy of eighteen months.

Rev. Peter Fischer, October 19, 1862 to November, 1864.

Rev. Max Albrecht, November, 1864 to summer of 1866.

Vacancy of one month.[5]

It was, of course, to be expected that the parish should suffer greatly under these frequent changes. Some of the pastors had hardly sufficient time to become acquainted with their parishioners; and though others may have found crying needs still their brief tenure of office did not permit them to plan, to inaugurate and to execute the various measures that conditions required. Even greater harm resulted from the many vacancies. The striking of the shepherd and the

[5] Taken from parish records, all of which have been preserved.

scattering of the flock are represented in the scripture as one and the same thing. And justly so. If there is no leader it is only natural for the sheep to stray; and if there is none to mete out spiritual food, the fervor of religious life must necessarily wane and grow cold. In the above described circumstances, then, it is scarcely to be wondered at, if those who erected the little church of St. Raphael should have become discouraged at times, and should have lost some of their eager interest. Priests of neighboring parishes, in the absence of a pastor at Naperville, did what lay in their power to relieve the trying situation by offering their own services as often as they could disengage themselves from the discharge of their duties at home. Thus did Father John J. Ingoldsby of Cass in 1848, Father Anthony Kopp of Chicago in 1849-50-53-54 and -55, Father John P. Carolus of Johnsburg in 1854-55 and -56, Father L. Carteyveis of Aurora and Father Joseph Ranck of Joliet in 1857 and 58, Father Sullivan of Aurora, Father Julius Kuenzer, C.SS.R. and Father Joseph Mueller, C.SS.R. of St. Michael's, Chicago, in 1861 and 62. But their calls were necessarily irregular and, in spite of their good will, they could not possibly supply the deficiency of a resident pastor. This series of unfortunate experiences it was that delayed for a number of years the rapid progress which the parish had promised to make from the very beginning.

The meager records of the first few years present very little to arrest our attention. One incident of 1848, however, deserves to be chronicled. After the departure of Father Reinaldi, the congregation soon found itself in the gravest financial difficulties. Debts were overdue, the funds were exhausted, creditors were clamoring for payment and the church was about to fall under the hammer, when Joseph Wehrle came forward with an act of unselfishness which is too rare to pass unnoticed and unmentioned. Single handed he came to the rescue by personally assuming the entire indebtedness.

Nothing further of interest transpired until the year 1849, during the administration of Father Nicholas Jung, when on July 13, Right Reverend Bishop James Oliver Van de Velde came to St. Raphael's to conduct the first official visitation. His diary states that he found affairs, both spiritual and temporal, in a most satisfactory condition, that he gave communion to twenty-three children, and confirmed fifty.[6]

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[6] This was a gala season for St. Raphael's. The Bishop spent the better part of four days in Naperville. His diary reads as follows:

(July 1849). "13th. Left for Naperville with Rev. Mr. Kopp.

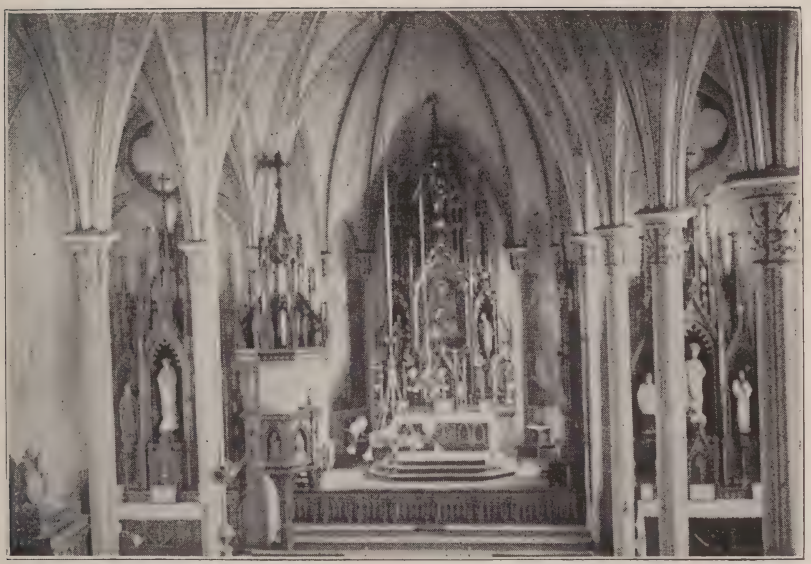
14th. Examined spiritual and temporal affairs of Naperville congregation; found everything in a most satisfactory condition.

their zeal for the practice of their religion to grow cold. The condition of affairs gradually developed into a very bad state. The congregation itself could not long remain unaware of its unfortunate situation; more and more it came to realize the need of a change. It longed for a change in time, and looked hopefully forward to it. And thus by degrees everything shaped itself in such a manner that the stage was set for a thorough reform. It required only a leader to point out the way. And he, too, was not long wanting.

The providential man was the Rev. John P. Carolus, who was appointed pastor in December, 1858. Father Carolus possessed many advantages over his predecessors. He was a native of Alsace, the country from which most of his parishioners had emigrated. And having been active as a priest there before coming to this country, he probably learned to know some of them in the old homeland. Nor was he unacquainted with the condition of affairs at Naperville. Time and again, as was stated above, he had come to St. Raphael's from his former parish at Johnsburg to minister to the needs of the Catholics at Naperville when their own pastor had been called away. From the very outset, therefore, his flock was well known to him; and from the outset, too, he had a full knowledge of the needs and resources of the parish. Without the loss of any time he was able to set out at once to inaugurate a program of improvement. And this he did with characteristic zeal and energy.

Nor did his efforts remain long unrewarded. The parish quickly responded and gave evidence of ever increasing life and activity. A mission, arranged by the pastor and conducted in 1860 by the gifted and eloquent Father Xavier Wenninger, S. J., reawakened a religious zeal and literally fanned its smouldering fires to a white heat of fervor. The results were both gratifying and enduring. With the rekindling of the ardor of faith there came, too, a keen and eager interest in the needs of the parish.

Nor were the needs insufficient to engage the quickened interest. With the steady growth of the congregation and with the more regular attendance at divine services, resulting from the mission revival, the seating capacity of the church was found to be hopelessly inadequate. The erection of a new and larger house of worship had become an imperative necessity; and preparations were begun without delay. A subscription was taken up at once. And nothing, perhaps, provides a better criterion to estimate the spirit which prevailed at that time, than the success with which this subscription met. Within a week the congregation had pledged itself to contribute the neat sum of twenty-



Interior SS. Peter and Paul Church, Naperville, Illinois

Meanwhile the parish had grown very considerably. In the three years since its foundation the original band of twenty-five families had been augmented, principally by influx from abroad, to such an extent that Bishop Van de Velde, while passing through Naperville, October 22, 1849, could note that the congregation then numbered about six hundred souls, almost all of whom were of German antecedents,[7] having emigrated to this country, chiefly from Alsace. Perhaps it was due to these increased numbers that the opening of a parochial school was deemed both advisable and also feasible. With the limited resources, of course, nothing pretentious could be attempted at the outset; an humble beginning, however, was made in 1850, during the administration of Father Francis A. Voelker; and from that date to the present writing the Catholics of Naperville have never lacked the advantages of a Catholic school. Another result of the parish's growth was the need of an addition to the church, a need which grew more imperative as the time passed. And yet, the undertaking was a little more than the parish felt able to embark upon at once. The expense which it entailed would hardly be regarded as a staggering one today; but in those early times it was enough to give cause to a congregation consisting for the greater part of newly arrived immigrants, men who had not yet found time and opportunity to court the smile and favor of fortune. Preparations, however, were gradually made; and in the year 1852, under the direction of Father Charles Zuker, then pastor, the work was accomplished. To make room for the new addition the old shed-like attachment, which hitherto had served both as a sacristy and a pastoral residence, was removed to an adjoining lot and converted into a schoolhouse. At the same time, too, the first bells were installed in the church.

These were improvements of which the parish doubtless was proud; but they necessitated the assumption of an indebtedness which was to prove a trying burden for a number of years. The following four pastors (1853 to 1858), coming and going as they did in rapid succession, could not improve the situation. It grew worse, in fact; and the finances became quite depressingly involved. The intervening vacancies, too, permitted the interest of the parishioners to wane and

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15th. (Sunday) Said Mass at 8 o'clock at Naperville, and gave first communion to about 23 children. Exhortation for first communion by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Kopp, gave confirmation to 50 persons after vespers, and before and after it delivered an exhortation in German.

16th. Said Mass at Naperville, and returned to Chicago.'' McGovern *The Catholic Church in Chicago*, p. 109.

[7] *Ib.*, p. 115.

four thousand dollars. What a misfortune that such a spirit of enterprise should have been arrested by a most untimely disaster.

Father Carolus did not live to complete the work which he had begun. Returning from his mission in Milton May 27, 1861, he met with a fatal accident. His spirited horse, shying at a bridge, pitched him violently from his buggy to the ground, killing him almost instantly. It was a crushing blow to the parish to lose such a pastor at such a time. Their deep mourning gave proof of the profound respect and love which the worthy priest had earned.

Death might claim Father Carolus, but it could not undo the work that he had accomplished. The zeal and fervor which he had instilled into the hearts of his people lived after him and continued to bear eloquent testimony to his sterling priestly character. It survived the trying eighteen months after his death, when the parish was again without a priest; and when Father Peter Fischer, the next pastor, came October 19, 1862, he found a congregation ready and eager to continue the work which death had halted.

Of the $24,000 which had been pledged $12,128 were soon gathered together, and with this sum in hand operations were commenced. Plans were drawn for a stone edifice; and the land on which the church still stands was purchased June 27, 1864, at a cost of $400. Contracts for the building were let in the same year, it being stipulated that the parish furnish the rough stone and pay, in addition, the sum of $18,000. To provide the stone was no small task, necessitating as it did the opening of a stone quarry. But nothing daunted the congregation bought a small tract of land about two miles south of the town, and here the parishioners themselves quarried the stone, twenty men working during the day while four toiled throughout the night to pump out the constantly flooding waters.

The work progressed rapidly. And on June 2, 1864, the Right Rev. James Duggan, then Bishop of Chicago, solemnly laid the cornerstone (in which had been deposited various silver coins, the plan of the village of Naperville and copies of the DuPage County *Press*, the Chicago Union and Catholic papers of New York), the ceremony being witnessed by a large gathering of the faithful who were plainly jubilant at the success which was crowning their efforts. The first step had been well made in an improvement which comprised besides the new church, also the remodeling of the old building and its conversion into a school house.

The construction, however, had not advanced much further when a great difficulty was encountered in the form of a defaulting contractor who disappeared with the initial payment of $6,000, leaving

his workmen unpaid. It was a trying situation; still the courage to meet it was not wanting. After some negotiation a second contractor (Mr. Struckmann of Elmhurst) was found to complete the work, but only after the parish had agreed to pay him the entire sum of $18,000, and thus itself sustain the whole loss of $6,000.

In spite of this interruption the building was completed in very nearly the originally contemplated time, and on March 29, 1866, the church was solemnly dedicated. It was the occasion of a great celebration, Bishop Duggan coming with a large party from Chicago, on a specially chartered train. The new church was placed under the patronage of Saints Peter and Paul; and from that time forward the parish at Naperville was no longer known as St. Raphael's, but as the parish of SS. Peter and Paul.[8]

Father Fischer had been called away in November, 1864, before the new church was under roof, being removed to Chicago to take charge of St. Peter's parish. His successor, Father Max Albrecht, who came in November, 1864, and under whose direction the building was completed, remained only a few months after the dedication, leaving in the summer of 1866. But the parish was now too firmly established to suffer greatly through these changes. No longer a frail and delicate plant that could be blighted by every adverse wind, it had developed into a sturdy young oak that was destined to thrive and wax strong. The days of its infancy were now happily passed, and the age of virility had been reached. Even under unfavorable conditions the congregation might have continued a vigorous and active life; but fortunately these, too, had ceased. Frequent changes of pastors were a thing of the past. Priests had become more numerous in the land, and those who were sent to Naperville now found an opportunity to display their zeal for a number of years, with the result that the history of the parish of SS. Peter and Paul is henceforward one of steadily increasing growth and constantly advancing progress.

Father William De la Porte, the next pastor, presided over the parish for a little more than twelve years, from August, 1866 to November 1, 1878. The milestones which mark the course of his highly successful career here are as follows: a pipe-organ, still in use, was installed in August, 1869, at a cost of $2,300; a brick parsonage, later converted into and still used as the convent or residence of the nuns, was erected at an expense of $4,000; the church was completely overhauled and somewhat enlarged in 1876, the work costing $18,000 and comprising the following items: addition of sanctuary and sacristy,

[8] *Ib.*, p. 249.

erection of steeple (hitherto wanting), cementing of entire exterior, remodeling of interior into Gothic design, and frescoing the walls. These were improvements which entailed an outlay of considerable sums of money, but the parish did not find the expenditures too burdensome. Its financial prowess had become such that the indebtedness was not a whit larger when Father De la Porte left than it had been when he came, still standing at $8,000. Meanwhile, too, the spiritual life of the parish had kept fully apace with its material growth, so that when Father De la Porte was called away in 1878, he left a congregation of 230 families pulsing with a vigorous and active Catholic life.[9]

Father August Wenker, the successor of Father De la Porte, enjoyed the longest administration of all of Naperville's pastors; he was active here for thirty-three years, from November 1, 1878, to 1911, when death put an end to his labors. The visible monuments that bear testimony to his zeal are chiefly the following: Carolus Hall, containing four school-rooms and the parish hall, erected in 1892 at a cost of $18,000; a magnificent rectory, built in 1903 and costing, together with lots, $15,000; various church appurtenances, such as altars, altar-rail, stations, stained glass windows and statuary. Other monuments there are, too, and more numerous still; but they will not be revealed to our human eyes until the dawning light of eternity discloses the immortal souls that that pious old priest, in his many years of service, garnered into the harvest.[10]

The present pastor, Rev. Bernard J. Schuette, was given charge of the parish at the death of Father Wenker in 1911, and in 1912 an assistant pastor in the person of Rev. John Heiler was appointed.

Great misfortune fell to the lot of of the parish in 1911. On August 24th, the school, including the beautiful hall, with its complete furnishings, etc., was destroyed by fire. The cause of the conflagration has never become known, although the fire may have resulted from crossed electric wires. The entire building was so badly damaged that plans for rebuilding and enlarging were advisable. Pending the erection of the new building temporary schools were opened in other buildings.

The school was rebuilt and enlarged by an addition to the west of the old building, consisting of a chapel and children's play room in the basement, two rooms on the first floor, and an additional room on the second floor, making a total of seven school rooms. On the

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[9] For detailed biography of Father De LaPorte, see ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, January, 1922.

[10] For extended account of Father Wenker's pastorate, see *Archdiocese of Chicago*, pp. 250-251.

upper floor a large hall was constructed and named Wenker Hall in honor of the late pastor, Reverend August Wenker, under whose regime the original school was erected.

In addition to the hall a smaller assembly room was constructed for meetings of societies, equipped also with kitchen and dressing rooms.

The entire building was put in first class condition, and all made to harmonize with respect to architecture, suitable halls, fire escapes, exits, etc. This fire occurred just before the death of Father Wenker, and the reconstruction and rehabilitation fell to the administration of the new pastor, Reverend Bernard J. Schuette, as his first parish activities.

The parish has been unusually successful under Father Schuette's administration. All of the church property has been put in first-class condition, and every dollar of indebtedness has been paid. Besides its church edifice the parish has a commodious rectory, a large and well equipped parochial school, a fine brick residence for the Sisters who teach the school, and a cemetery in first-class condition. A Catholic school has been maintained in the parish since 1850, and the present school building was erected in 1911 at a cost of $30,000. There is an average attendance of 250 pupils distributed amongst the eight grades. There has been for several years a free school, being maintained out of the funds of the church.

Rev. Heury Lieblang was appointed assistant pastor in January 11th, 1922 and still acts in that capacity.

(Rev.) Henry Lieblang.

Naperville, Illinois.

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[11] The parish consists of about 340 families, but so systematically have the affairs of the parish been conducted that the revenues which are received from all members of the Church, young and old, are abundant to maintain all the expenses, and to enable the congregation to have every suitable equipment and improvement.

[12] Since the above article was prepared by Father Lieblang, the assistant pastor, the beautiful church of SS. Peter and Paul was, on June 4, 1922, burned to the ground. The fire occurred during the night and caused a total loss, necessitating the building of an entirely new church, which the congregation has undertaken.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Chance for Disagreement. A "Symposium" begun in the April, 1922, number of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, touching upon points in Illinois history that have been understood or stated differently by different writers illustrates the possibility of distortion. By taking one view of a reported event a different significance may be given the happening to that which would be natural if another view had been assumed. Accordingly, when a newspaper writer, after reading that the Mission of the Immaculate Conception was established by Father Marquette on the Illinois River near what is now Utica, and that it existed there for only a certain length of time, he concludes that the mission ended in failure; whereas, when the facts are known, it appears that the mission was only removed to a new place, and has existed and flourished from its founding to the present. In view of the ease with which wrong impressions may be gained from partial or defective information, it is plainly most desirable that reliable and complete data be furnished and published concerning points of historic interest. In that connection the value of the historical magazine, like the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORI-

CAL REVIEW, is made plainly apparent. No other channel could be more satisfactory for the purpose of examining doubtful or mooted points, and through intensive study and examination to uncover the facts and settle difficulties and controversies. Accordingly, readers are invited to seek out all questions of difficulty and co-operate with the publishers in bringing to light the truth with regard, especially to all controverted historical questions. Indeed, if a demand should develop, a query department will be opened to which readers may apply either for information, or in which those who have information may make the same known. Let us attack these history problems with a view to handing down to posterity a solid body of accurate historical information.

The First Catholic Congregation. Anniversaries, centenaries, diamond jubilees, etc., have the effect of turning our thoughts backwards. Here in the practically new western country we are approaching some 250th anniversaries. Several centenaries have been passed, and the diamond and golden jubilees have been numerous. Reflecting upon these matters our thoughts quite naturally turn to the very first residents, the first priests and the first peoples, because, as Judge Sidney Breese has so happily expressed it in his *Early History of Illinois:*

"A fort is usually the first erection of all intruders into new colonies, as a protection against those whose animosity is so apt to be excited by the intrusion. But in this part of the valley it was a church. The cross was planted instead of palisades, and the priest in his frock was more potent than the soldier in his armor." (p. 151.)

We are fortunate in being able to trace with considerable accuracy the priests and other early white men who first visited or peopled our region. It seems most unfortunate, however, that much of what became known of the aboriginal residents, the Indians, has been lost. Various estimates of the number of Indians that existed in North America at about the time that European colonization began have been made, and it is perhaps true that some of them are quite inaccurate. Some writers have estimated that there were as many as one hundred thousand Indians within or very nearly within the territory now known as Illinois at or about the time of Marquette and La Salle. There have been several students of the Indian problem, some of whom have gotten together a wealth of information about the Redman. There is, however, a peculiarity that runs through all of these studies, in that they deal almost wholly with tribes, families, and divisions. Only here and there, and, rather incidentally, do individuals come to the surface, and it is only in such cases that we catch a glimpse of some of the big Indian figures. Insofar as individual representatives of the red race have been treated of, it is regrettable to recognize that the most warlike have received the most attention. To sustain this suggestion we need only refer to distinguished Indian characters in our own neighborhood, such as Tecumseh, Pontiac and Blackhawk. Not only general literature, but school books contain many references to these chiefs. What can be learned with reference to great Indian chieftains who accepted Christianity and civilization, and far from making war became the ardent friends and efficient co-workers of the white pioneers? In this category may be mentioned first of all perhaps, at least when considering the savages of the Illinois country, the distinguished chief, Chicagou. Contemporary with Chicagou, or, perhaps even earlier, was the great chief Rouensa. Father James Gravier, S. J., had very friendly

relations with a powerful chief, and a very devout Indian maiden was a member of his congregation at Peoria. Father Charlevoix made the acquaintance of a particularly distinguished Indian chief, who was christianized and civilized. Indeed, nearly every missionary in the field speaks in the highest terms of civilized Indians of great capacity, just as Father Marquette speaks of the chief who received him on the banks of the Des Moines River, and whom Longfellow has named Hiawatha. At a later period the great chief of the Miamas, Pokegan, developed his tribe under the direction of Father Stephen Theodore Badin. It would be very interesting to know more of these great men who were nurtured by nature herself, and whose capabilities were given useful direction by Christian instruction. We are endeavoring to assemble data with reference to some of these historic characters. Who can and will help shed light upon the career of any of them?

The Priest in Catholic History. Father Campbell, the distinguished Jesuit clergyman and writer, has completed, and the Encyclopedia Press has published, a volume entitled *The Jesuits.* We have not had the good fortune to see Father Campbell's book, but we are familiar with all his other writings, and have read some of the reviews in various publications, and feel justified in saying that the work is very valuable. This and a few other books dealing with Catholic history in one way or another derive their greatest value from the data collected and published concerning Catholic priests. Off-hand, one would suppose that there would be some record in every diocese to which an investigator might refer, and where could be found the name and some data concerning every priest who ever ministered in the diocese, and especially all those that became officially connected with the diocese. Strange as it may seem such data are rarely available. Investigators frequently find it impossible to trace the movements of men of distinction who have served with great success through a part of their lives. Take, for example, the case of the Rev. Francis Joseph Fischer, assistant to the second and third pastors of Chicago. Here was an exceedingly busy and eminently successful priest. He may be traced for a few years after his removal from Chicago to parishes in Indiana, but suddenly his name disappears from the records under circumstances that leave no inference of his going astray, being silenced, or anything of that sort, but his subsequent career just simply cannot be traced. Our own experience teaches us that it is a most difficult matter even to name the priests that have served in the diocese and archdiocese of Chicago. We have been trying for some years to compile such a list, and find no record to which application can be made for complete data in this regard. Father Campbell would perhaps be somewhat better situated in attempting to present the names of the Jesuits, since the record of the order would supplement parish and directory entries. The same is true with respect to any of the religious orders. But aside from such records and as far as the secular priests are concerned recourse must be had to diocesan and parish records as far as they will extend and, as an auxiliary, to the Church directories which, for recent years are more or less complete, but which are only fragmentary in their earliest forms. One of the most successful attempts at tracing diocesan clergymen is that of Father John H. LaMott, S. T. D., in his *History of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.* If Father LaMott had done nothing more than formulate the matter contained in Appendix XVI, beginning on page 351 and concluding on page 399, he would have conferred an invaluable boon upon the Church in Ohio. In passing it should be noted,

however, that Father LaMott's book is a model diocesan history in all respects. If by some means or other a similar compilation could be obtained for every diocese in the United States, we would then have one valuable historical source supplied. There is no danger that too much importance will be given the treatment of ecclesiastics in the preparation of Catholic history. It is impossible to give that subject too much importance. The priest, the bishop and the archbishop constitute the very foundation of Catholic history, without whom scarcely a single page of Catholic history could be written. It is impossible to understand a religious movement of any sort, in which Catholics are interested, without knowing the part played by the priest and the bishop therein; and as religious movements are interlocked and intertwined with and inseparable from civil affairs everywhere, in spite of the separation of Church and State, no history is complete without recognition of this element. Accordingly, viewing the situation from a number of years of painstaking study we feel justified in saying to all ambitious students of history: "Before you start to write the Catholic history of any community, find out who and what were the priests, and after you have learned who they were, study what they did, and you will find their activities running through the whole life of the community. Around the priest and the organization which he effects you can build the structure that will represent the true record of the community."

Devices for Creating Interest in History. Some of the Catholic societies have found means for stimulating an interest in Catholic history, and are meeting with a quite gratifying measure of success. The Catholic Order of Foresters, for example, maintains an annual history contest through the State Court of Illinois, of which Mr. William F. Ryan is Chief Ranger. The pupils of every parochial school are qualified to enter the contest, and the winner in each school is given a medal. The general subject assigned is "Catholics in American History," and the whole field of Catholic history is thrown open to the contestants. That these contests are the source of much interest in the schools has been proven to the satisfaction of the Illinois Catholic Historical Review by the numerous inquiries from contestants concerning matters within the scope of the subject. In the contest just completed we have had the privilege to see a paper prepared by Gertrude Lorraine Conley, a pupil of St. Gertrude's School, and the winning contestant. This paper is rather remarkable for brevity, clarity and accuracy, and illustrates well the value of the development of an interest in an important subject. It is entirely safe to say that these young writers have learned more of that particular part of American history which concerns Catholics under the stimulus of this contest than they would ever otherwise have known. The Illinois State Court does well to adhere to a single broad subject and repeat its program from year to year, as in this way pupils and students as they progress will be brought into contact with Catholic history in a practical way and a large number will become well informed on the subject. These contests may ultimately have a wider influence. Because of them parents and teachers may be brought to a realization; first, of the really glorious history of the Catholic Church in America, and, secondly, the utter failure of means of teaching or making known that history. It may finally occur to all such that if it is desirable that Catholic history shall be known, it is necessary that Catholics shall prepare it, and teach it. It is useful and desirable that untruths and misrepresentations contained in historical works and text books and school courses should be exposed and refuted, but it is

equally important that the truth and all of the creditable portion of the Catholic record shall be made known. The school is a very advantageous place for making young Catholics familiar with Catholic history, and upon reflection most Catholics will agree that the subject deserves due attention in the school.

The Difference Between News and History. The development of the newspaper has had the effect of confusing readers on the question of what is and what is not history. A clever writer has said that history is really nothing more than pickled news, and it has often been stated that history frequently fails to record exact facts, but is only a recital of agreements that have been reached after attempts have been made by many different people to recite facts. A familiar example of this is found in an account of a battle. Opposing commanders prepare their several accounts which, upon examination, are found not to agree; other statements, sometimes quite unofficial or informal, are examined, the circumstances are called in to aid, and finally the chronicler sets down his deductions from all of these varying reports, which may or may not accord with the actual facts. The same situation arises in many other circumstances, and is especially apparent in cases where bias or prejudice is present. It is freely conceded that once the so-called Reformation attained prominence and a degree of power that published reports concerning the Catholic Church, or the activities of the Catholic clergy or laity have been untruthful or warped and distorted. Reference need only be made to the numerous mis-statements as to what the Church professes or teaches, or as to the faults which Church authorities have been charged with committing Now all those false charges as they arose and were published broadcast may possess the qualities of news, and as many of them appear in so-called historical works, they may have some of the elements of "pickled news," but they are not history, because they lack the chief element of history, that is, truth. And even if circumstances make it necessary in some instances that the truth may only be approximated on account of conflicting views, yet the approximate truth is more historical than a report which had some currency, but never contained any truth. This difference between news and history is of more than passing importance, in view of the fact that investigators and some history writers are inclined to grasp at contemporaneous news accounts of events as the highest form of authority for historical statements. Writers need to be warned to examine the character of the medium in which such accounts are found, as well as to inquire into the state of public feeling at the time, and other circumstances, which might tend to color the accounts. It is always advisable to maintain a distinction between news and history.

BOOK REVIEWS

Columbus—A Drama in 3 Acts, Daniel E. Doran.

Columbus, is a drama, based on the life of Christopher Columbus, in three acts, written by Daniel E. Doran, of the National Council of Catholic Men, Washington, D. C. for the 430th anniversary of the discovery of America.

Mr. Doran has accomplished a work of merit, both from an historical and a theatrical point of view.

The play, *Columbus,* is well constructed, good climaxes in every scene, crisp dialogue, racy, yet of the language of the period. There are periods of lofty thought and of high poetic emotion, suitable to a serious drama of this nature. The characters are interesting, consistent, excellently drawn

Many points in the play deserve special mention, for peculiarly good ideas for dramatic situation. In the first act, the court of Spain, where the famous story of Columbus and the egg is skillfully presented, a love theme is introduced between Dolores, a beautiful young girl, protege of Isabella, and Ricardo, a courtier, one of the followers of Columbus.

In Act two, on board the Santa Maria, there are several big, thrilling moments, rising to an intense climax when the discouraged mariners plot to make away with their Admiral and throw his body overboard.

Act 3 returns again to the court room of Ferdinand and Isabella. Preparations are being made for the celebration that day of the marriage of the unwilling Dolores to Don Juan, an ignoble Spanish nobleman, the choice of her father, when news comes that Columbus is back in Spain, returned from his voyage and journeying towards the court with his faithful men. Ricardo returns with Columbus to claim his bride, Dolores, and the curtain descends upon a scene of acclamation and joy.

A work of this classical, permanent value deserves special recognition from Catholics, especially during this centennial year of the discovery of America, and Knights of Columbus, schools and colleges could add prestige to their historical annals by the presentation of one or more acts from Mr. Doran's drama. The play is so arranged that the first or the last act may be presented alone; or the second act may be presented as a complete one-act play; or again, the first and second acts may be presented as an evening's entertainment. The second act has this advantage, that it calls for male characters only—

eleven altogether, and has in it all the elements of a tense, dramatic one-act play.

Not enough consideration is given by the public to works of this kind, to help preserve the lasting value of their historical annals and archives, their endurance is most often, of no permanent period—an apparition of the moment. Such a work as Mr. Doran's Columbus deserves to be preserved for all time. It has been suggested that the entire drama be used as a libretto for a Grand Opera—the poetry and dignity of the lines would lend themselves admirably to be set to music in its present form.

Why not uplifting, stimulating themes for Grand Opera libretto, as well as the salacious, Salome, Thais, Mona Vanna?

The second act of Columbus was presented by a Washington Amateur Drama Guild recently with great success. The manuscript is released through DRAMATIC BUREAU—Room 856, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CECELIA M. YOUNG

MISCELLANY

Early Beaubiens

On the Baptismal Records of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, for the years 1833 and 1834, that is, during the first two years after St. Mary's, the first church in Chicago, was established, the following members of the Beaubien family were baptized:

George Beaubien, son of Mark Beaubien and Monique Nadeau Beaubien, born August 19th, 1832, baptized by Father St. Cyr, May 22nd, 1833.

Caroline Beaubien, daughter of Jean B. Beaubien and Josette Laframboise Beaubien, born August 10th, 1832, baptized by Father St. Cyr, ————————, 1833.

Eleanor Beaubien, daughter of Mark Beaubien and Monique Nadeau Beaubien, born April 6, 1834, baptized by Father St. Cyr, July 6, 1834.

Three Late Indian Chiefs of the Illinois Country

Alexander Robinson

Alexander Robinson (Che-che-pin-qua), a chief of the United Pottawatomi, Chippawas and Ottawas ,was born at Mackinaw, 1762, according to popular belief, and his age as stated at the time of his death, although the years of his life are somewhat doubtful. His father was a Scotch trader who had been an officer in the British army, and his mother was an Ottawa woman. He married at Mackinaw and moved with his wife to the St. Joseph in Michigan, where he became an Indian trader, and it is said, an associate of Joseph Bailly. With other friendly Pottawatomies he did all in his power to shield the Americans from the fury of the hostile Indians, at the time of, and to do anything to prevent the massacre, of which he was a witness; after, the Fort Dearborn massacre. He arrived on the scene too late but, on his return to St. Joseph, he received and sheltered the family of Mr. Kinzie, who received from himself and wife "all possible kindness and hospitality for several months." Not confining their good deeds to the family of Mr. Kinzie, the generous host and hostess. Finding that Captain and Mrs. Heald, who had been brought to St. Joseph by Jean Baptiste Chandonnais, clerk of Mr. Kinzie, were in

danger of being recaptured and taken back to the Kankakee, he carried them safely in a bark canoe to Mackinaw, a distance of three hundred miles, where they were surrendered to the British commandant. It is not known just when Robinson settled in Chicago, but as he had been here, at least two seasons, and with Antoine Ouilmette had cultivated the field belonging to the fort, raising thereon corn, when Captain Bradley arrived to rebuild Fort Dearborn in 1816. In 1825 his personal property was assessed at $200 by the Peoria County Assessor. He served in 1823 and 1826 as Indian interpreter under Dr. Wolcott, at a salary of $365, during the latter year. He is recorded as a voter in 1825, 1826 and 1830, and on June 8 of the latter year was licensed to keep tavern in Chicago. He had owned prior to this time, a cabin or trading-post at Hardscrabble, but vacated it before 1826. On September 28, 1826, he was married by John Kinzie, J. P., to Catherine Chevalier, daughter of Francois and Mary Ann Chevalier. Francois Chevalier was chief of a united band of Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Chippewas; with his village at the Calumet. At his death, Robinson became chief of the band. At the treaty of Prairie du Chien, July, 1829, he was granted two sections of land on the Desplaines; by the treaty of Camp Tippecanoe, October 20, 1832, a life annuity of $200, and by the Chicago treaty of September, 1833, an additional annuity of $300. His exertions, with those of Billy Caldwell, prevented the tribe from joining the Sauks in the Winnebago War of 1827, and Black Hawk in 1832. During the latter part of his residence in Chicago, he lived at Wolf Point, where he had a store or trading-house. After the Indians were removed beyond the Mississippi, he settled with his family on his reservation on the Desplaines, where he lived until his death, which occurred April 22, 1872. His wife died August 7, 1860. They were both, with two sons and a daughter-in-law, buried on the bank of the river near the old home.

William Caldwell

Billy Caldwell (Sauganash), one of the most conspicuous, as well as one of the most notable, characters identified with the history of early Chicago, was an Indian half-breed. He was the son of Colonel Caldwell, an Irish officer in the British army stationed at Detroit, and was born about the year 1780. His mother was a Pottawatomie, and is said to have been remarkable for her beauty and intelligence. Billy received a good education at the Jesuit schools of Detroit and learned to speak and write the French and English languages fluently. He also acquired the knowledge of a number of Indian dialects. Little is known in detail of the events of his life, but we know that he took

an active part against the Americans in the War of 1812. In person he was large and commanding, of great strength and power of endurance. At first his Indian name was "Straight Tree" on account of his fine appearance, but he is better known by the name of Sauganash, or the Englishman. He early fell under the influence of Tecumseh, became the secretary of that warrior, and was intimately associated with him from 1807 until Tecumseh's death. Very little is known of Caldwell's career as a warrior, for upon the subject of the war he was always remarkably reticent. He undoubtedly was engaged in most of the battles or actions in which Tecumseh was engaged, and he was often sent by his chief on important missions. He and Shaw-bo-nee, do not appear to have been present at Fort Dearborn before or at the time of the massacre, but we find them both here the next day when they were instrumental in saving the family of John Kinzie. It is altogether likely that they were the runners sent by Tecumseh to the Pottawatomies to inform them in regard to the fall of Fort Mackinac and to bring them as far as possible in league with him. The incident of his saving the Kinzie family is related in the sketch given elsewhere of the life of John Kinzie. Caldwell participated in the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813, where Tecumseh was killed, but what active service he was engaged in after that is not known. The credential he gave Shawbonee shows that he was a captain in the British Indian Department as late as 1816. That document reads as follows:

"This is to certify that the bearer of this name, Chamblie, was a faithful companion to me during the late war with the United States. The bearer joined the late celebrated warrior Tecumseh, of the Shawnee nation, in the year 1807, on the Wabash river, and remained with the above warrior from the commencement of hostilities with the United States, until our defeat at Moravian Town, on the Thames, October 5, 1813. I also have been witness to his intrepidity and courage as warrior on many occasions, and he showed a great deal of humanity to those unfortunate sons of Mars who fell into his hands.

B. Caldwell, Captain I. D.

Amherstburg, August 1816."

At what time Caldwell took up his residence near Fort Dearborn is not definitely known, but probably about the year 1820. Chicago was still a trading post, but the fort had been rebuilt and an Indian Agent resided here. It was a central point where the Indians gathered to receive their annuities and do their trading. In 1826 we find Caldwell duly appointed Justice of the Peace for Peoria County, but he probably was seldom called upon to act in his official capacity.

He was a voter, and his name appears on the poll lists of 1826 and 1830. He usually officiated as one of the clerks of the election. By the treaty with the Pottawatomies held at Prairie du Chien in 1829, two and one-half sections of land on the Chicago River were granted to him, and by the subsequent treaties of 1832 and 1833 an annuity aggregating one thousand dollars was bestowed by the Government. The land was located on the North Branch, about six miles from the junction with the main river. This land he sold at an early day. There was also a house built for him by the Department for Indian Affairs on the North Side near where is now the corner of State Street and Chicago Avenue. He was always, after his removal to Fort Dearborn, the unchangeable friend of the whites, and his influence with his tribe was exerted to preserve peace. In 1827 at the time of the threatened outbreak by the Winnebagoes, and when the latter were doing all in their power to engage the Pottawatomies in a war with the whites, it was the influence of Caldwell and Shawbonee that prevented it. And again in 1832 he prevented his people from allying themselves with Black Hawk in his desperate raid on the white settlements. Caldwell was very desirous of teaching his people the habits and customs of the whites. He wanted them to become educated and civilized. When Mr. Watkins started a school in 1832 Caldwell offered to pay the tuition and buy books and clothes for all Indian children who would attend school, if they would dress like the Americans, but it is stated none of them accepted. Neither did he approve the Indian custom of polygamy, and he never had but one wife. He found in her, however, a temper sufficiently hot for several, and his cabin is said to have often resounded with her animated tones, when rating her liege lord. She is said to have been a sister of the chief, "Yellow Head," and a daughter of Nee-scot-ne-meg, one of the principal participators in the massacre of 1812. They had one son who died in youth. James M. Bucklin, the chief engineer of the Illinois & Michigan Canal in 1830, says of Billy Caldwell:

"From Billy Caldwell, a half-breed, with some education and great intelligence, who had explored the country in every direction, I often procured valuable information during my explorations. It was he who first suggested making a feeder of the Calumic River."

When the time came for the removal of the Indians, under the various treaties with them, Caldwell's influence was exerted to make their removal peaceful and successful. He determined to leave his cherished white friends behind, and cast his fortunes with his people, and share their privations and trials with them. In 1836, under the leadership of Captain Russell, the Government Agent, and Billy

Caldwell, the Indians to the number of nearly twenty-five hundred assembled for the last time at Chicago, to receive their payments, and then take up their line of march for their new home on the Missouri, at Council Bluffs. Through the influence of Sauganash the removal was accomplished with ease and success. He never returned again to the scenes of his youth and manhood. Age was coming on him, and the bustling activity of the ambitious young city had no charm for one whose life had been passed amid the wildness of nature. He seems to have taken some interest in public affairs and during the exciting presidential campaign of 1840, he with his friend, Shawbonee, published the following letter:

"Council Bluffs, March 23, 1840.

To General Harrison's Friends:

The other day several newspapers were brought to us; and peeping over them, to our astonishment we found that the hero of the late war was called a coward. This would have surprised the tall braves, Tecumseh of the Shawnees, and Round Head and Walk-in-the Water of the Wyandotts. If the departed could rise again, they would say to the white man that General Harrison was the terror of the late tomahawkers. The first time we got acquainted with General Harrison, it was at the council-fire of the late Old Tempest, General Wayne, on the headquarters of the Wabash, at Greenville, 1796. From that time until 1811, we had many friendly smokes with him; but from 1812 we changed our tobacco smoke into powder smoke. Then we found General Harrison was a brave warrior and humane to his prisoners, as reported to us by two of Tecumseh's young men who were taken in the fleet with Captain Barclay on the 10th of September, 1813, and on the Thames, where he routed both the red men and the British, and where he showed his courage and his humanity to his prisoners, both white and red. See report of Adam Brown and family, taken on the morning of the battle, October 5, 1813. We are the only two surviving of that day in this country. We hope the good white men will protect the name of General Harrison. We remain your friends forever.

Chamblee (Shawbonee), Aid to Tecumseh.
B. Caldwell (Sauganash), Captain."

Caldwell did not long survive the removal, but died in his new home in Council Bluffs on the 28th of September, 1841, at the age of sixty-two. His most striking characteristic was his humanity. In this respect he resembled his great leader, Tecumseh. He did all in his power to alleviate the horrors of the war, and in time of peace did all he could to promote the feeling of friendship between the Indians and whites. By the first residents and settlers of Chicago he was highly respected, and some are still surviving who esteemed it no small priv-

ilege to accompany him on a hunting excursion. The esteem in which he was generally held is well reflected in the action of Mark Beaubien, when he named his new tavern. It was suggested to Mark that he should name his house after some great man. He could think of no greater personage than Billy Caldwell and so his tavern became celebrated as the "Sauganash."

Shabonee

Sha-bo-nee, whose name has been written in many ways, among other, as Chamblie, in Billy Caldwell's certificate heretofore given, was the son of an Ottawa chief, and was born near the Maumee River in Ohio about the year 1775. He married the daughter of a Pottawatomie, and he seems thereafter to have been more identified with the Pottawatomies than with the Ottawas, though these tribes were always more or less intimately associated. His village was on the Illinois near where the present city of Ottawa now stands, but he subsequently removed it to what is now known as Shabbona Grove in DeKalb County. Shabonee became associated with Caldwell and Tecumseh about the year 1807, and was their firm ally in all their enterprises, until the death of Tecumseh. Shawbonee was present at the battle of the Thames, and was by the side of Tecumseh when he was killed. He always maintained that it was Colonel Richard Johnson who fired the fatal shot that killed his chief. After the war was over he gave in his adherence to the United States Government, and from that time forth until the end of his life he was a strong and constant friend to the Americans, and on more than one occasion risked his own life to save his white friend. At the time of the so-called Winnebago war, in 1827, there was no military force at Fort Dearborn, and it was greatly feared by the settlers in the neighborhood that the Pottawatomies would be led to join with the northern tribes in war against the whites. After the annual payment was made in September of that year rumors that Big Foot's band, which had their villages on Lake Geneva, would certainly join with the Winnebagoes, fell thick and fast upon the ears of the startled settlers. At this juncture Shawbonee and Caldwell used their influence to restrain their own bands, and also volunteered to find out what were the plans of the Winnebagoes, and whether Big Foot's band really intended to join with them. With this purpose in view they visited Big Foot's village, and by their astuteness and clever management, succeeded in preventing Big Foot's band from entering into the threatened alliance. The last attempt made to engage the Pottawatomies in war with the whites was that made by Black Hawk in 1832. The celebrated

warrior, emulating the example of Tecumseh a quarter of a century before, sought to enlist all the Indian tribes in a general war. A great council was held at Indiantown in February, 1832, and there with great eloquence and force Black Hawk enlarged upon the necessity of co-operation in order to save their hunting grounds from the encroachments of the whites. "Let all our tribes unite," said the twany orator, "and we shall have an army of warriors equal in number to the trees of the forest." The appeal was powerful and it required all the influence of Shawbonee, Caldwell and Robinson to overcome it. But these men well knew the power and military resources of the whites, and how hopeless a war with them would be. Said Shawbonee in answer to Black Hawk's figure of speech as to their numbers, "Your army would equal in number the trees of the forest, and you would encounter an army of palefaces as numerous as the leaves of on those trees." The council failed in uniting the Indians in a common cause, and although Black Hawk made one more effort to gain Shawbonee in his cause, he utterly failed. Not only did Shawbonee repel all the efforts of Black Hawk, but when the war broke out, by his personal exertions, and at the risk of his life, he succeeded in warning some of the frontier settlers in time to save their lives. By the treaty of Prairie du Chien two sections of land were granted to Shawbonee. This was located by him at the place where for many years his village had been situated in DeKalb County. A survey and plat were made accordingly, and here Shabonee resided until his band was removed to the West in 1837. He accompanied them with his family, but unfortunately their reservation was in the neighborhood of that of the Sacs and Foxes. The feud which had arisen between the tribes on account of Shawbonee's refusal to co-operate with Black Hawk still existed, and culminated in the murder of Shawbonee's eldest son and nephew by some of the revengeful Sacs and Foxes. Shawbonee himself narrowly escaped and he was induced to return again with his family to his old home. He resided at his favorite grove with his family, for a number of years, until his tribe was removed to their new reservation in Kansas. This induced him to again join his red brethern, but he remained with them only for three years, when he again returned to his Illinois home. But a change had now recurred. The Land Department had ordered a new survey and ignored Shawbonee's claim, holding that he had forfeited it by removal from it. It was entered at the land office at Dixon for sale, and when Shawbonee returned, he found his favorite home in the possession of strangers. His eminent services in behalf of the whites in the early days were all forgotten

and he was ruthlessly driven from the spot he so much loved and about which clustered so many of his dearest recollections. A few of his early friends hearing of his circumstances, united in the purchase of a small tract of twenty acres near Morris. Here he lived with the remnants of his family until July, 1859, when he died. His remains lie buried in the cemetery of Morris. In personal appearance he was one of the finest specimens of the American Indian. Tall, straight, and muscular, he was said to have been a model of physical manhood. Until late in life his habits were temperate, but the misfortunes of his later years often led him to the intemperate use of that liquor which has ever been the enemy of his race. He owed much to the teachings and precepts of Tecumseh, and he in all things endeavored to conform himself to the example of that great warrior. He was humane as well as courageous, and always exerted his influence to protect unfortunate captives from the violence of the savages. A portrait of him adorns the walls of the Chicago Historical Society rooms, and his name and memory are preserved in the records of that associatoan. (Andreas, *History of Chicago,* Vol. I.)

Editor's Note.—It is rather remarkable that so little information exists concerning these three very notable figures in Illinois history. Local historians were writing history while these three Indians were yet alive and active in and about Chicago. Caldwell and Shawbonee were closely identified with Tecumseh and the Shawnee tribe. Tecumseh's brother was a great Indian prophet, who had a religion of his own which, with the power and influence of his brother, Tecumseh, he imposed upon most of the members of the tribe. It is to be noted, however, that Caldwell was a Catholic. Whether he inherited his religion from his Irish father, or received it in some school in Detroit, where Andreas says he was educated by the Jesuits, is not known. In connection with this assertion of Andreas it may be said that there was no Jesuit college at Detroit at the time that Caldwell was growing up. Of course there were some Catholic schools there, in which Caldwell may have been educated, and careless references may have made them Jesuit schools.

Caldwell was a member of the first Catholic congregation of Chicago, and was one of the petitioners for a priest, his name appearing on the petition sent to Bishop Rosati under which John Mary Iraneaus St. Cyr was sent to Chicago.

I have been unable to learn anything about Shawbonee's religious persuasions, although he resided near Ottawa and Morris during the last half of his life. Nobody has taken occasion to mention anything concerning his religious beliefs or affiliations, if he had any.

Alexander Robinson seems always to have ben a Catholic. His name also appears on the petition for a priest sent to Bishop Rosati in 1833. His daughters attended St. Xavier's Academy, and all the members of the family seem to have been and remained Catholics.

Sauganash and the Fort Dearborn Massacre

In the summer of 1812, messengers from Tecumseh visited many villages in northern Illinois, informing the tribes that war had been declared between the United States and England, and offering the warriors large sums of money to fight for the latter. These emissaries wished to capture Fort Dearborn before the garrison knew that war existed. Shabbona intended at first to remain at home and take no part in the war, but hearing that a number of warriors from other villages and a few from his own had left for Chicago, he mounted his pony and followed them.

Shabbona and a few warriors arrived at Chicago on the afternoon after the fatal day of the Fort Dearborn massacre. This was August 16, 1812, the same day of the cowardly surrender of General Hull at Detroit.

The chieftain and his young warriors were horrified at the sight of blood and carnage. The sand along the beach where the massacre had occurred was dyed and soaked with the blood of forty-two dead bodies of soldiers, women and children, all of whom were scalped and mutilated. The body of Captain William Wells, for whom Wells Street, Chicago is named, lay in one place, his head in another, while his arms and legs were scattered about in different places.

The captain had been very friendly with Black Partridge, and that chief now gathered up his remains and gave them decent burial near where they were found, but the remains of the other victims of the massacre lay where they had fallen until the rebuilding of Fort Dearborn, in 1816, when they were collected and interred by order of Captain Bradley.

The prisoners who had been spared were taken to the Indian camp, which was near the present crossing of Jackson and State Streets, and closely guarded.

John Kinzie, whose residence stood on the north bank of the river opposite the fort, had been the Indian trader at this place for eight years, and, of course, he had many friends among the savages. As a special favor he was permitted to return to his own house, accompanied by his family, including a stepdaughter (the wife of Lieutenant Helm) now badly wounded.

The evening of the massacre the chiefs present held a council to decide the fate of the prisoners, and it was agreed to deliver them to the British Commander at Detroit, according to the terms of surrender. This would have been done, but unfortunately many warriors from a distance came into camp after dark, who were thirsting for blood, and seemed determined to murder the prisoners, in spite

of the decision of the chiefs in council and the stipulated terms of surrender.

Black Partridge and Shabbona with a few of their warriors, determined to make an effort to protect the inmatesof Kinzie's house from the tomahawks of the bloodthirsty savages; accordingly they took a position on the porch with their rifles crossing the doorway But the guard was overpowered by sheer numbers, as a large party of hostile savages, with their faces painted, rushed by them, forcing their way into the house. The parlor and sitting-room were quickly filled with Indians, who stood with scalping knives and tomahawks in hand, waiting the signal from their leader to commence the bloody work. Mrs. Kinzie with her children, and Mrs. Helm, sat in a back room weeping at the thought of the horrible death which awaited them in a moment. Even Black Partridge was in utter despair, and said to Mrs. Kinzie, "We have done everything in our power to save you, but now all is lost; you and your friends, together with the prisoners at the camp, will be slain." But there was a chief in the camp who had more influence than either Black Partridge or Shabbona. At the instant Black Partridge spoke a loud whoop was heard at the river. He immediately ran to see what it meant, and in the darkness saw a canoe approaching, and shouted to its occupant, "Who are you, friend or foe?" The newcomer leaped ashore exclaiming in reply, "I am Sauganash." His voice rang out like a trumpet on the still night air, reaching the ears of Mrs. Kinzie and her friends in the back room of her house, and a faint hope sprung up in her heart. She knew Sauganash, or Billy Caldwell, the halfbreed, could save them if he only reached the house in time. Black Partridge now shouted, "Hasten to the house, for our friends are in danger and you alone can save them!" The tall, manly-looking chief, with his head adorned with eagle feathers and rifle in hand, ran to the house, rushed into the parlor, which was still full of scowling savages with weapons drawn, and by entreaties, and threats of dire vengeance of his friend and kinsman, the great Tecumseh, who never, when present, allowed a massacre of prisoners, he prevailed on them to abandon their murderous designs. Through his influence Kinzie's family and the prisoners at the camp were saved a horrible death.

It was afterward found that a young halfbreed girl, who had been in Kinzie's family for some time, where she had received kind treatment, seeing the hostile savages approaching, ran to Billy Caldwell's wigwam, and informed him of their danger, when he hastened to the rescue just in time. This young halfbreed girl afterward married a Frenchman named Joseph Pethier.

Sauganash, or Billy Caldwell, one of the heroes of the Fort Dearborn massacre, was a son of Colonel Caldwell, of the British army, who for many years was stationed at Detroit. His mother was a squaw of great beauty and intelligence, a connection (possibly a sister) of the renowned Tecumseh. He was known by the name of Sauganash, which in the Pottawatomie language means an Englishman. Billy Caldwell had a good education for that time, was a very popular chief, the idol of his band and possessed a remarkable influence over the entire tribe. He lived at Chicago twenty-six years in a cabin located on the north side of the river, near where North Water crosses La Salle Street. He went west with his tribe in June, 1836, and died in Kansas some years after this. (From *Lives of Famous Indian Chiefs*, by N. A. Wood, p. 404 et. seq.)

The story is told by another writer as follows:

The afternoon of the day of the massacre witnessed the assemblage of a company under the roof of the Kinzie mansion, gathered together after a day of excitement, bloodshed and distress seldom experienced in the lives of civilized people. Across the river could be seen the wild antics of the victorious savages shouting and dancing exultantly in their camp ransacking and plundering the buildings of the fort, and preparing to torture their wounded prisoners to death.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Kinzie family were closely guarded by their Indian friends, that Black Partridge and four other Indians had "established themselves in the porch of the building as sentinels, to protect the family from any evil that the young men (of the tribes) might be excited to commit, their peril was very great and their lives hung by a thread. All remained tranquil, however, until the next day, when they beheld the fort consumed by fire, and the spot left a scene of smoking desolation.

At this time a party of Indians from the Wabash made their appearance having heard of the intended evacuation of the post, and who were eager to share in the spoils. They were disappointed and enraged to find that they had arrived too late, that the spoils had been divided and the scalps all taken. They had no particular regard for Mr. Kinzie and they at once showed signs of hostility. They blackened their faces and proceeded towards the Kinzie house, but were observed by Black Partridge, whose fears were particularly awakened for the safety of Mrs. Helm, as she had only recently come to the post and was unknown to the more remote Indians. By his directions she disguised herself and took refuge in the house of Ouilmette close at hand. Ouilmette himself, being a Frenchman, and living with an Indian wife, was never molested by the Indians at any

and some other presents given to them, and they took their departure peaceably from the house.

This account is taken mainly from Mrs. Kinzie's narrative printed in "Wau-Bun," which was obtained by her from her husband, John H. Kinzie, who as a boy of nine years of age, was with his father, John Kinzie, through this thrilling experience. Mrs. Kinzie's narrative "has been accepted by the historians of Illinois," says Thwaites in his introduction to "Wau-Bun" (Caxton Club Edition), "as substantially accurate, and other existing accounts are generally based on this."

It is noteworthy that the main sources of our information in regard to the massacre are furnished by three women, Mrs. Captain Heald and Mrs. Lieutenant Helm, who were participants in the dreadful scenes of that day, and Mrs. John H. Kinzie, who wrote of it twenty-five years later, deriving her information from eye witnesses.

There are likewise other accounts of a fragmentary character, and among them there are inconsistencies and discrepencies in details; but it seems remarkable that women chroniclers should have been the ones to have given anything like a connected narrative of this bloody episode in our history. (From *Chicago, Its History and Builders,* by J. Seymour Curry, Vol. I, p. 89 eb. nq.)

One of the Last of De Smet's Companions Dies in Omaha

At St. Joseph's Hospital, Omaha, Tuesday evening, February 21, died Father John Baptist De Schryver, S. J., one of the last survivors of the many Belgian youths brought to America by Father De Smet. Father De Schryver was born at Opdorp. East Flanders, Belgium, October 26, 1849. He served in the Belgian cavalry in 1869 and 1870, and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Tronchiennes, March 19, 1872. Coming immediately to America, he made his noviceship at Florissant, Mo., studied there and at Woodstock, Maryland, and taught as a scholastic at St. Mary's College, Kansas. He made his theology at Louvain in his native land, and was ordained there September 8, 1885. As a priest he taught at St. Mary's, Kansas, at Creighton University, the University of Detroit, and Loyola University, Chicago, and was pastor for some time of the Belgian parish of St. Berchmans in Chicago. He was active until the early part of the present winter, when he was forced to inactivity by the cancer which caused his death. The golden jubilee of his religious life would have been celebrated on the coming feast of St. Joseph.

He had spent in all about seventen years at Omaha, for he had been stationed three times at Creighton since his first going there in the eighties. He was closely identified with the history and development of the University, and is affectionately remembered by his pupils of two generations.

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